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UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

MEMOIRS

OF

SILVIO PELLICO;

OR

MY PRISONS.

TRANSLATED FROM THE ITALIAN

BY M. J. SMEAD AND H. P. LEFEBVRE.

NEW YORK:
HENRY G. LANGLEY, 57 CHATHAM STREET.

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BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH

OF

SILVIO PELLICO.

Silvio Pellico, a distinguished Italian poet, was born in the year 1789, at Saluces, in Piedmont, where his father, Honorato Pellico, also a poet, held a situation in the post-office. Notwithstanding a sickly infancy, the love of poetry early took possession of his soul. He was a poet, so to speak, from his cradle: at ten he had composed a tragedy. He had an emulous companion in his classical studies, in his elder brother, Luigi, who has since become a distinguished comic poet. Both having, at an early age, evinced a genius for dramatic composition, their father encouraged its development by arranging the scenes which they composed, and aiding them in the construction of a little stage, where they recited their effusions. Silvio removed with his father to Turin, where he pursued his studies with promising success, and where his taste for letters became more decidedly manifest. Here he is said to have formed an attachment with a young lady; but Providence saw fit to remove, by an early death, the object of his affection. This was his first love, and his first sorrow; the remembrance of which, his after sufferings were never able to obliterate.

At the age of sixteen, he accompanied his mother to Lyons, where he resided four years with a wealthy cousin of hers, dividing his time between a refined and elegant society and the study of those beautiful productions of genius with which the French literature abounds. But, suddenly seized with what is called *le mal du pays*, occasioned by reading a new poem by Foscolo, *The Tombs*, he felt an irresistible attraction towards the land of his birth, and a few days after was on his road to Italy.

Settling at Milan, he established there his reputation as a poet. By his merit and amiable manners, he gained access to the house of Count Briche, who entrusted to him the education of one of his sons. He afterwards became tutor to the two sons of Count Porro Lambertenghi, with whom he lived on a footing of great intimacy. The house of the latter was, at that time, the rendezvous of all the distinguished characters of Milan, as well as of many strangers of distinction. There Silvio met Byron, Madame de Staël, Davis, Schlegel, Brougham, and many other renowned personages, who passed through this city from all parts of Europe.

In 1819, he published the tragedy of *Francesca da Rimini*, the brilliant success of which placed him at once in the highest rank of the dramatic poets of that day. His translation of *Manfred* appeared the same year. His second tragedy, *Eufemio di Messina*, was forbidden by the government to be represented; but, though deprived of the illusions of the stage, it

was found worthy of the renown of its author.

Under the auspices of Count Porro, he established a journal, entitled *The Conciliator*, having for its object, the regeneration of Italy, by introducing a new system of national education, giving a better turn to literary effort, extending the range of criticism, and imparting an impulse to young writers, by opening to them new fields in science, art, and literature. This journal was conducted by an association of men of the highest literary eminence in Italy: Romagnosi, Melchiore Gioja, Manzoni, Grossi, and Berchet, of whom Silvio was appointed secretary. The political opinions it professed soon drew down upon it the censures of government, which, in less than a year, put an end to its existence.

When Silvio, accused of being connected with a secret association, and of taking part in a plot against the government, was arrested and confined in the prison of St. Marguerite, his bosom friend, Piero Maroncelli, who figures in so touching a manner in the following memoirs, had been imprisoned there six days before. Providence seemed to preserve to him this friend for the purpose of aiding him to support his misfortunes.

During his confinement under the *leads* at Venice, he composed the two tragedies, *Ester d'Engaddi*, and *Igenia d'Asti*. Before setting out for Spielberg, he begged the Commission to send these two pieces to his parents as a memento of his poetical genius. The answer he received was, that his parents might perhaps determine to publish them, and that it was not fitting that the applauses of Italy should be awakened by the productions of a man who had been smitten by the justice of the Emperor.

Generally, those who write their memoirs, entertaining the design either of clearing themselves from some imputation, or of imparting some interest to events in which they have taken part, study to present them, at others' expense, in a light most favorable to themselves. In the book of Silvio, on the contrary, we find no recrimination, no attack upon his enemies; it is the touching recital of the miseries of the most rigorous imprisonment, written with all the eloquence of grief, but with all the calm of intrepid Christian resignation. His very moderation speaks with more effect against the despotic cruelties of the Austrian government, than whole volumes of the bitterest invective and complaint. With what affecting simplicity he paints his impressions, his feelings, and his struggles to triumph over himself and all resentment! The exquisite sufferings of the poet cannot but excite in his readers a lively sympathy, and those even who do not partake the religious convictions which sustained him, will not venture to deny the benefits of Christianity, after having read his memoirs. He regained his freedom in the August of 1830, and reached Turin on the 17th of September following, where he still lives in the enjoyment of the devoted affection of his family, and the esteem of his countrymen.

Those who have seen this remarkable man, say, that his countenance, while it bears the traces of suffering, has a subdued and melancholy sweetness of expression, that it is impossible to imagine more gentleness and modesty, and that his language, which is the image of his soul, breathes that noble simplicity, that universal benevolence, that ardent love of humanity, which so generally pervade his writings.

THE TRANSLATORS.

MEMOIRS OF SILVIO PELLICO;

OR

MY PRISONS.

THE AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

Have I written these memoirs from the vain motive of speaking of myself? I sincerely desire that it may not be so; and as far as one can be the judge of himself, I believe that I had in view objects much more elevated: I wished to administer some solace to the unfortunate, by the recital of evils that I have suffered, and the consolations to be found (I speak from my own experience) even in the greatest misfortunes.

I wished to bear witness, that in the midst of my long sufferings, I have in no respect found human nature so unjust, so little worthy of indulgence, so deficient in noble souls as it is generally represented.

I wished to urge generous hearts to guard against feelings of animosity, but rather to love all men, and to entertain an irreconcileable hatred for nothing but falsehood, pusillanimity, treachery and all moral degradation.

I wished, in fine, to repeat a truth already well known but too often forgotten; namely, that both religion and philosophy demand energy of will and calmness of judgment, and that without these two conditions united, there can be neither justice, nor dignity, nor any fixed principles.

MY PRISONS.

CHAPTER I.

On Friday, the thirteenth of October, 1820, I was arrested at Milan, and conducted to St. Marguerite; it was then three o'clock in the afternoon. I was subjected to a long examination, during that and many following days. But of that I will not speak; like a lover ill-treated by his mistress, and determined to preserve towards her a disdainful silence, I let politics alone and speak of something else.

At nine o'clock in the evening of that unhappy Friday, the registrar consigned me to the hands of a jailer, who having conducted me to the apartment assigned to me, politely desired me to deposit with him, to be restored at a proper time, my watch, my purse, and all that I had about me, and respectfully bade me good night.

"Stop a moment, my good friend," said I, "I have had no dinner to-day; bring me something."

"Directly—the restaurateur is close by, and you shall see what good wine"—

"Wine! I do not drink any."

At this reply, Signor Angiolino regarded me with an expression of alarm, and like a man persuaded that I was jesting. Jailers that keep a refreshment shop, have a horror of a prisoner who does not drink wine.

"I drink none, I assure you."

"I am sorry for you, sir; solitude will prove doubly burthensome."

Seeing that I did not change my resolution, he departed, and in less than half an hour brought in my dinner. After I had eaten a few mouthfuls, and swallowed a glass of water, he left me alone.

My room was on a level with the ground, and looked out upon a court. There were prisons on the right, prisons on the left, prisons in front, and prisons above me. I leaned against the window and stood some time, listening to the tread of the jailers who went and came, and to the frantic songs of some wretched prisoners.

I reflected: "This prison, one century ago, was a convent; did the holy and penitent females who inhabited it, ever suspect that a day would come when their cloisters would no more resound with the groans and pious songs of women, but with blasphemies and ribald songs; and would contain men of all sorts, destined, for the most part, to the workhouse or the scaffold? An age hence, and who will breathe in these cells? Oh! the rapid flight of time! Oh! the perpetual mobility of things! Can he who considers these, complain, if fortune has ceased to smile upon him—if he is buried in a prison, or menaced with a gibbet? Yesterday I was one of the happiest beings in the world! To-day I enjoy no more of the sweets which constituted the charm of my life; neither liberty, nor friends, nor hope! No, to deceive myself would be folly. I shall leave this place only to be thrown into some horrible den, or to be delivered to the executioner! Well, the day after my death, it will be the same as if I had breathed my last in a palace, and had been carried to the tomb with the greatest honours."

Reflecting thus upon the inexorable flight of time, my spirit gathered strength. But then my father, my mother, my two sisters, my two brothers, and another family that I loved as if it were my own, presented themselves to my imagination, and the arguments of philosophy lost all their force upon me. I was overcome, and wept like a child.

CHAPTER II.

Three months before my arrest, I had been to Turin; I had seen, after several years of absence, my dear parents, one of my brothers and my two sisters. Our whole family was always so much attached to each other! No child was ever more caressed by his father and mother than myself. Oh! how deeply was my heart moved at the sight of those revered parents, in finding them more broken by age than I had anticipated! How I wished then to leave them no more, but to devote all my attentions to solace their old age! How much it cost me during the short stay that I made at Turin, to fulfil certain duties, which kept me away from the paternal roof, and left me so few hours for the society of my dear family! My poor mother said with a sort of melancholy bitterness—"Ah! our Silvio has not come to Turin to see us." The morning of my departure, our separation was most painful. My father entered the carriage with me, and accompanied me for a mile, and then returned alone. I turned to see him once more, and wept; and kissed a ring which my mother had given me. Never before had I felt my heart so torn in taking leave of my family. Not believing in presentiments, I was surprised that I could not vanquish my sorrow, and was forced to cry out with alarm: "Whence comes this extraordinary anxiety?" I seemed to see in the future some overwhelming misfortune.

Now, in my prison, I recalled this alarm and anguish; I remembered with painful distinctness, all that my parents, three months before, had said to me, and the touching complaint of my mother, "Ah! our Silvio has not come to Turin to see us!" fell heavily upon my heart. I reproached myself for not having shown a thousand times more tenderness for them. I loved them so much, and had expressed it to them so coldly! I was to see them no more, and had feasted myself so little with the happiness of beholding their dear features! I had been so sparing in the manifestations of my love! These thoughts rent my soul.

I closed the window and walked for an hour, expecting no rest during the night. I cast myself upon the bed and slept from fatigue.

CHAPTER III.

The waking which follows the first night in prison, is horrible! "Is it possible," said I, recollecting where I was—"can it be that I am here? and is it not a dream? It is but too true that yesterday I was arrested; yesterday I was subjected to a long examination, which will continue to-day, to-morrow—until when? God only knows. It was last night before going to sleep, that I wept so much at the remembrance of my family."

The rest, the perfect silence, the short sleep that had recruited my internal strength, seemed to have increased in me a hundred fold the power of my grief. In this total absence of everything that could engage my mind, the affliction which my friends would experience, and particularly my father and mother, at the news of my arrest, impressed itself on my mind with incredible force.

"At this very moment," thought I, "they are sleeping in tranquillity; or if they are awake, they are perhaps thinking of me with tenderness, far, alas! from suspecting where I am. Too happy, if God should remove them from this world before the news of my calamity reaches them! Who will give them the strength to support such a blow?"

A voice from within seemed to reply: "He whom all the afflicted love, invoke, and feel in themselves! who once gave a mother strength to follow her son to Golgotha, and remain at the foot of his cross! the Friend of unfortunate and suffering humanity!"

That was the first moment that religion triumphed in my heart, and it is to filial love that I am indebted for this inestimable gift.

Heretofore, without being opposed to religion, I cultivated it little and badly. The objections commonly used to combat it, appeared to me to have little weight; and yet

a thousand sophistical doubts weakened my faith. For a long time I had entertained no doubt concerning the existence of a God, and was continually repeating to myself that if God exist, a necessary consequence of his justice, is another life for the man who suffers in this unjust world; whence arises the important obligation of aspiring to the happiness of that life to come; whence springs a religion founded upon the love of God and our neighbor, and that eternal striving of the soul to rise to excellence by generous and noble sacrifices. I had long said all this to myself, and added: "What, then, is Christianity, but this constant reaching after the exaltation of the soul?" And I asked myself with astonishment, how it was that Christianity exhibiting itself so pure in its principles, so well adapted to our nature, so impregnable, an age could arrive when philosophy dared to say :"I will henceforth assume the office of Christianity." And how wilt thou discharge it? In teaching vice? "No, indeed." In inculcating virtue? Very well; that will be the love of God and man, precisely what Christianity teaches.

Reasoning in this manner for several years, I avoided coming to the conclusion: be consistent then; become a Christian; be not deterred by some abuses; do not refine too much upon some difficult points of church doctrine, since the main point is sufficiently clear: love God and thy neighbor.

In my prison I at length decided to draw this conclusion, and I did so. I hesitated a moment at the thought, that if any one came to know me more religious than I had been heretofore, he might arrogate to himself the right to treat me as a false devotee, or as a man degraded by misfortune. But possessing a consciousness that I was neither the one nor the other, I disregarded reproaches that I did not deserve, and remained firm in the resolution of being, and of henceforth declaring myself, a Christian.

CHAPTER IV.

It was some time later that I came to a determined stand in this resolution; but I began to revolve it in my mind from that first night of my captivity. Towards morning my mad transports subsided; I was surprised at it. I still thought of my parents and all those that I loved, but with no more apprehensions about their fortitude of soul; the remembrance of their virtuous principles which I had seen exhibited under other trials, returned to console me.

Why was I, a little while ago, so much overcome at the thought of their grief? yet why do I now feel such confidence in the strength of their courage? Was this happy change a miracle? or was it the natural effect of my reanimated belief in God? Well, miracle or not, it matters little what name we give to the real and sublime benefits of religion.

At midnight, two secondini (a name given to under jailers, or turnkeys) had been to see me, and had found me in a very bad humor. At day-break they returned and found my countenance serene, and my reception kind.

"Last night, sir," said Tirola, "you had the look of a basilisk—now you appear another man, and I am glad of it; it is a proof that you are not—pardon the expression—a malefactor; because villains (I am old in the business, and my observations have some weight) are more furious the second day of their confinement than the first. Do you take snuff?"

"I am not in the habit of it, but I will not refuse what you offer with such kind politeness. As to your observation, pardon me, it is not worthy of a man of such observation as you appear to be. If, this morning, I had no longer the look of a basilisk, could not this change be on my part a proof of insanity, or the effect of self-deception, a dream of approaching liberty?"

"I could believe it if you were in prison for other reasons; but I can scarcely believe that these affairs of state will be brought to a termination in so short a time, and you are not so simple as to imagine it. Excuse the liberty, will you take another pinch?"

"Thank you. But how can you look so cheerful, when you pass your whole time among the unhappy?"

"You will, perhaps, think it is from indifference to the miseries of others: to tell the truth, I do not know the reason myself; but I assure you, it has often given me pain to see others weep. And then I pretend to be merry, so that they may smile also, the poor prisoners!"

An idea had just struck me, which I never had before. It is that a man can follow the occupation of a jailer, and still have a very good heart.

"The business has nothing to do with it, sir. Beyond that arch that you can see on the other side of the court, there is another court and other prisons, entirely occupied by females; they are—I scarcely know how to say it—women of bad life. No matter; some of them are angels in heart. And if you were a *secondino*"—

"Me?" and I burst into a laugh.

Tirola seemed rather disconcerted by my laughing, and did not finish his sentence. He intended, perhaps, to say, that if I had been a *secondino*, it would have been difficult for me not to become attached to some one of those unfortunate creatures.

He asked me what I wished for breakfast; he went out, and a few minutes after, brought me some coffee.

I looked at him steadily in the face, with an equivocal smile, which meant to say: "Could you carry a note for me to another unhappy man, my dear friend Piero?" And he replied to me by another smile which seemed to say, "No, sir; and if you solicit any other of my fellow jailers, and he answers you 'yes,' be assured that he will betray you."

I am not perfectly certain that he understood me, or that I did him. But I well know that I was a dozen times on the point of asking for a bit of paper and a pencil, and durst not do it, because he had something in his eyes, I know not what, which seemed to warn me against trusting anybody, and least of all, any one but him.

CHAPTER V.

If Tirola, with his expression of kindness, had not had certain sinister looks, if he had had a more engaging physiognomy, I should have yielded to the temptation of making him my messenger. And, perhaps, a note from me to my friend, in season, would have given him the means of repairing some mistake, and might have perhaps saved, not him, my poor friend! he was already but too much discovered! but many others and myself!

Patience, things were to be so.

I was summoned anew to the examination; and it lasted all that day and many others, without any interval but that of meals.

As long as the trial continued, the days, to me, passed rapidly; thanks to the activity of mind which compelled me to answer, without end, questions the most unconnected and diverse. At the hours of repast, and during the evening, I endeavored to compose my thoughts for reflection, upon all the questions which had been asked me, what answers I had given, and prepare myself upon all the points concerning which I should probably be further interrogated.

At the end of the first week, an event occurred which gave me great pain. My poor friend, Piero, as anxious as I was myself to establish some communication between us, wrote me a letter, and employed to convey it to me, not one of the *secondini*, but an unhappy prisoner, who usually came with them to perform the duty of a servant in our rooms. He was a man of sixty or seventy years, condemned to, I know not how many months of imprisonment.

With a pin that I had, I pricked my finger, and wrote with my blood, a few lines in reply, which I sent back by the same messenger. He had the ill fortune to be detected; the billet was found upon him, and if I am not mistaken, he was flogged. I heard frightful cries, which appeared to come from the old man, and I never saw him again.

When I was summoned to the bar, I shuddered at seeing presented to me, the note I had scribbled with my blood, which, thank Heaven, could injure no one, and had

the air of a mere expression of civility. They asked me with what I had drawn that blood; they took away my pin, and laughed at our detection. For myself I did not laugh, I could not banish from my eyes the image of our aged messenger. I would have submitted, cheerfully, to any chastisement whatever, provided they had pardoned him; and when I heard those cries which I believed to be his, I was melted even to tears.

I asked the jailer and the *secondini* several times about him, but in vain. They shook their heads and said: "He has paid dear for it. He will not do it again. He is rather more quiet now." And refused to explain further.

Did they intend to signify by that, the narrow prison where the unhappy man was confined, or to give me to understand that he had died under the blows of the stick, or in consequence of them?

I thought I saw him one day, on the other side of the court, under the portico, with a load of wood upon his shoulders, and my heart beat as if I had seen a brother.

CHAPTER VI.

When I ceased to be subjected to the martyrdom of their examinations, I had no more occupation; I felt most bitterly the weight of solitude.

I was allowed, indeed, to have a Bible and a copy of Dante; and the jailer kindly offered me the use of his library, containing some romances of Scuderi, Piazzi, and others still worse; but the agitation of my mind was such as to unfit me for any reading whatever. I committed to memory, each day, a canto of Dante; but this exercise was so entirely mechanical that my thoughts were much less occupied with his beautiful lines, than with my own misfortunes. It was the same when I read anything else, excepting some passages in the Bible. This divine book, which I had always much loved, even when I thought myself an unbeliever, I now studied with more veneration than ever. But yet, very often, I read it with my mind pre-occupied, and therefore was unable to comprehend it. By degrees I came to meditate upon it more profoundly, and to relish it more and more. That reading never gave me the slightest disposition to bigotry, that is to say, to that ill understood devotion which makes its possessor a coward or a fanatic. But it taught me to love God and man, ever to desire the reign of justice, to abhor iniquity, and to pardon those who commit it. Christianity, instead of destroying in me what good philosophy had effected, confirmed and fortified it with nobler and more powerful arguments.

Having read, one day, that we ought to pray without ceasing, and that true prayer consists not in muttering a great many words as heathens do, but in adoring God in simplicity, as well in words as in actions; endeavoring to make both the accomplishment of his holy will, I purposed earnestly to commence that incessant prayer, that is to say, no longer to allow myself a single thought which was not animated by the desire of conforming to the dispensations of Providence.

The forms of prayer which I used in my devotions, were always few in number, not indeed, from dislike (for I am even convinced that they are useful, to some more, to others less, in fixing the attention), but because I find myself so constituted that I am incapable of reciting long prayers, without wandering to some other subjects, and forgetting my pious occupation.

The desire of holding myself continually in the presence of God, far from being a fatiguing effort of mind, or a cause of trembling, had for me an ineffable sweetness. Not forgetting that God is always with us, that he is in us, or rather that we are in him; solitude lost, each day, some of its horrors for me: "Am I not in the best company," said I to myself, and I sung and whistled with pleasure and tenderness.

"Well!" thought I, "a fever might have carried me to the grave. All my dear friends, who would have abandoned themselves to tears at my loss, would nevertheless have ac-

quired the strength to bear their affliction. Instead of a tomb, a prison has swallowed me up. Ought I not to believe that God will give them the same strength now?"

My heart raised to Heaven for them the most ardent wishes, sometimes accompanied with tears; but even those tears were mingled with sweetness. I had the fullest confidence that God would come to their aid and mine, and I was not mistaken.

CHAPTER VII.

To live in freedom is much more pleasant than to live in prison. Who can doubt it? And yet, amid the miseries of a prison, when one thinks that God is there, that the joys of this world are fleeting, that true happiness exists in the conscience, and not in outward objects, life has still some charms. Ere a month had elapsed, I had resigned myself to my lot, if not perfectly, at least in a degree quite supportable. Not willing to purchase impunity by the ruin of others, I saw that my future lot must be, either the scaffold or a long imprisonment. It was necessary to submit to it. "I will breathe," said I to myself, "as long as a breath shall be left me, and when that is taken away, I will do like all sick persons in their last moments—I will die."

I endeavored to complain of nothing, but to give my soul all possible enjoyments. The most common was the frequent enumeration of all the blessings which had embellished my life; the best of fathers and the best of mothers, excellent brothers and sisters, such and such people for friends, a good education, the love of letters, &c. Who had been favored more than myself? Although that happiness is now clouded by adversity, shall I not thank God? Sometimes, while making this enumeration, I was subdued to tenderness for a moment, and wept; but my courage and cheerfulness soon returned.

In the very beginning of my captivity I had made a friend. It was neither the jailer, nor one of the *secondini*, nor any of the persons who conducted my trial. Nevertheless I speak of a human creature. Who was it, then? A deaf and dumb child, five or six years old. His father and mother were culprits upon whom the law had laid its grasp. The wretched orphan was supported at the public expense, together with several other children of the same condition. They all occupied a single chamber in front of mine, and at certain hours the doors were thrown open, that they might go out and take the air in the yard.

The deaf and dumb boy came under my window smiling and making signs of friendship. I threw him a fine piece of bread, he seized it, and leaping with joy, ran to distribute it among all his companions; after which he returned to eat his own small portion under my window, expressing his gratitude by the smile of his beautiful eyes.

The other children eyed me from a distance, yet did not dare to approach. The deaf and dumb child had a great sympathy for me, which was not excited by interest alone. Sometimes not knowing what to do with the bread which I threw him, he signified to me that he and his comrades had eaten enough, and could swallow no more. If he saw a *secondini* going to my chamber, he gave him the bread, that he might return it to me; and although he expected nothing from me, yet he continued no less to play about under my window, with a most attractive grace, appearing happy because I was looking at him. On one occasion, a *secondini* permitted the child to come in my prison; he had scarcely entered when he ran and threw his arms round my legs, at the same time uttering a cry of joy. I took him in my arms, and cannot express with what transport he overwhelmed me with caresses. What love in that dear little soul! How I wished that I could give him an education, and rescue him from the degradation in which I found him.

I never learned his name; he himself did not know that he had one. He was always merry, and I never saw him cry but once,

when he was whipped, I do not know why, by the jailer. Strange thing! to live in such a place appears the height of misery, and yet this child certainly enjoyed as much happiness as the son of a prince of the same age could have done. I made these observations, and learned that the disposition can become independent of the place of residence. Let us govern our imagination and we shall be comfortable almost anywhere. A day soon passes by, and when at night we go to rest, without hunger and acute pains, what matters it whether that be in a place which we name a prison, or in another which is called a mansion or a palace?

Excellent reasoning! but how to manage to govern this imagination? I made the attempt, and sometimes thought that I had succeeded admirably; but at other times it triumphed over me like a tyrant, and then, to my confusion, I remained perfectly confounded at my own weakness.

CHAPTER VIII.

It is a redeeming circumstance in my misfortune, that they have given me a prison on a level with the ground, upon this court where, within four steps of me, comes that dear child with whom it is so sweet to converse, although by signs. Wonderful human intelligence! How many things do we say to each other, by means of the various expressions of look and countenance! With how much grace he directs his motions when I smile at him! How he corrects them when he sees that they displease me! How he comprehends that I love him, when he caresses or regales any of his companions! Nobody in the world would imagine it, yet I, standing at my window, can be a kind of instructor of this poor little creature. By dint of frequently exercising these signs, the means of communicating our ideas to each other will be perfected. The more he perceives that he is instructed and improved with me, the more he will love me; I shall be for him the genius of reason and kindness. He will learn to confide to me his griefs, his joys, his desires; and I shall learn to console him, to ennoble his mind, and to direct him in all his conduct. Who knows whether they, by leaving my fate undecided from month to month, will not leave me to grow old in this place? Who knows if this child may not grow up under my eyes, and be hereafter appointed to some service in this establishment? With as much mind as he appears to have, to what will he arrive? Alas! nothing more than a very good *secondino*, or something else of that sort. Well! shall I not have done a good action in contributing to inspire him with the desire of pleasing good people and himself, and in giving him the habit of benevolent feelings.

This soliloquy was very natural. I always had a great liking for children, and the office of instructor appeared to me sublime. I had filled, for several years, the office of tutor to Giacomo and Giulio Porro, two youths of great promise, whom I loved, and shall always love as if they were my own sons. God knows how many times, in prison, I have thought of them! How many times I have grieved that I could not complete their education, and what ardent wishes I have formed that they may meet with a new master who would equal me in love for them.

Sometimes I exclaimed to myself: "What a pitiful contrast! Instead of Giacomo and Giulio, children endowed with the most brilliant gifts of nature and fortune, fate sends me, for a pupil, a poor deaf and dumb boy in rags, and the son of a thief! who will become, at the most, a *secondino*, which, in terms less choice, means a *sbiro* (turnkey)."

These reflections confounded and discouraged me; but as soon as I heard the piercing cry of my little mute, I felt all my blood moved, as a father who hears the voice of his son. And that cry and sight dissipated, in me, all idea of abasement in regard to him. Is it his fault that he is ragged, that his organs are imperfect, and that he is of a race of robbers? A human soul in the age of innocence, is always worthy of respect. Thus I spoke, and regarded him each day with more

tenderness. He appeared to me to grow in intelligence, and I was more and more confirmed in the pleasing idea of applying myself to his improvement. Fancying in my mind all that could happen, I thought that perhaps one day, being out of prison, I might find the means of placing that child in a deaf and dumb asylum, and thus open to him the way to a condition more desirable than that of a *sbiro*.

Whilst I was occupying myself so deliciously with his happiness, two *secondini* came one day to take me.

"We must change your room, sir."

"What do you mean?"

"We have received orders to put you into another room."

"Why?"

"Some other big bird has been caught, and this room being the best—you understand."

"I comprehend, this is the first station of new-comers."

They conducted me to the opposite side of the court, alas! it was no longer on the ground floor, I could no more converse with my little mute. In crossing the court I saw the dear little fellow seated upon the ground, surprised and sad; he understood that he was losing me. In an instant he rose and ran to meet me; the *secondini* endeavored to drive him away, but I took him in my arms, and dirty as he was, kissed him again and again, with emotion, and tore myself from him, shall I say it—with my eyes full of tears.

CHAPTER IX.

My poor heart, thou lovest so easily and so ardently! Yet to how many separations hast thou already been condemned? This was certainly not the least painful, and I felt it the more because my new lodging was very gloomy. A mean, dirty, dark room, its single window garnished with paper instead of glass. Its walls were disfigured with vile pictures, made of a color I dare not mention; the unpainted places were covered with inscriptions. Many of these denoted the name, surname, and country, of some unfortunate man, together with the date of the sad day of his imprisonment. To some were appended imprecations against false friends, against themselves, against a wife, against their judges, &c. Others were short biographies, and others again contained moral sentences. I noticed these words of Pascal:

"Let those who combat religion, learn, at least, what it is, before they combat it. If it boasted of having a clear view of God, and possessing him unveiled, it would be combating it to say that we see nothing in the world which manifests him with such evidence; but since it says, on the contrary, that men are in darkness, and remote from God, that he is concealed from their knowledge, and that is precisely the name that he has given himself in the Scriptures—*Deus absconditus* . . . What advantage can they draw, when, in the negligence with which they profess to seek after truth, they declare that nothing shows it to them?"

A little below were these words, from the same author:

"The question, here, is not one of slight interest about other persons, it regards ourselves and our all. The immortality of the soul is a thing which concerns us so strongly, and touches us so deeply, that it is necessary to have lost all feeling, to be indifferent about knowing its importance!"

Another inscription said:

"Blessed be my prison, since it has taught the ingratitude of men, my own wretchedness, and the goodness of God."

By the side of these humble words, were the most violent and proud imprecations of one who calls himself an Atheist, and who railed against God as if he had forgotten that he had just said, there is no God.

After a column of such blasphemies, came another of abuses against cowards,—so he calls those whom the sufferings of a prison make religious.

I showed these wicked effusions to one of the *secondini*, and asked him who wrote them.

"I am very glad to have found this inscription," said he, "there are so many, and I have so little time to look for them!"

And, without saying more, he began, at once, to erase it from the wall, with his knife.

"What is that for?" said I.

"Because the poor fellow who wrote it, and was condemned to death, for premeditated murder, repented, and begged me to render him this service."

"God forgive him!" I exclaimed, "what murder did he commit?"

"Not being able to destroy his enemy, he avenged himself by killing his son, the most beautiful child in the world."

I shuddered. Can ferocity go to such lengths; and such a monster hold the language of a man, superior to all human weaknesses! *Kill* an innocent being! a child!

CHAPTER X.

In this new room, so dark and filthy, deprived of the company of my dear mute, I was oppressed with sadness; I passed whole hours at my window, which looked out upon a piazza, above which were to be seen the extremity of the court, and the window of my former room. Who had succeeded me in it? I saw a man walking with the rapid step of one deeply agitated. Two or three days after, I perceived that he had obtained writing materials, and then he remained the whole day at his table.

At length I recognized *him:* he was coming out of his room, accompanied by the jailer, and was going to the examination; it was Melchiore Gioja!

My heart shrunk with pain. And thou, also, worthy man, art here! (He was more fortunate than myself, for, after a short imprisonment, he was restored to liberty.)

The sight of any good being consoles me, calls forth my affection and makes me think. Ah! to think and love are great blessings! I would have given my life to rescue Gioja from prison, and yet the regret of him gave me comfort.

After spending some time in regarding him, and conjecturing by his motions whether his mind was tranquil or disturbed, and forming wishes for him, I felt stronger, richer in ideas, and more satisfied with myself. This shows that the sight of a human being, for whom one feels affection, is sufficient to relieve the tedium of solitude. A poor mute had first given me this consolation, and I now derived it from the sight, although distant, of a man of great merit.

Doubtless some *secondino* told him where I was. Opening his window, one morning, he waved his handkerchief by way of salutation. I answered him by the same sign. Oh! with what pleasure was my soul inundated at that moment. It seemed to me that the distance between us had vanished, and we were together. My heart palpitated like that of a lover who meets his beloved. We made gestures without understanding each other, yet with as much earnestness as if we were understood; we did, in fact, comprehend each other—these gestures expressed all that our souls felt, and each knew the feelings of the other.

Oh! how much comfort these signs seemed to promise me in future. But the future came and they were not repeated. It was in vain that I shook my handkerchief every time I saw Gioja at his window. The *secondini* informed me that he had been forbidden to provoke and answer my signals. Nevertheless, he often looked at me, and I at him, and thus we could still express many things.

CHAPTER XI.

Along the piazza, which was under my window, on a level with my room, other prisoners, accompanied by a *secondino*, passed and repassed from morning to night. They were going to and returning from their examination. They were mostly people of the lower class. Nevertheless, I saw some who

appeared to be of better condition. Although they passed so quickly that I could not observe them well, they attracted my attention, and all more or less interested me. This sad spectacle, for the first few days, increased my anguish; but, by degrees, I grew accustomed to it, and at last it served to diminish the horrors of my solitude. Many females, likewise, passed under my eyes, who had been arrested. They went from this piazza, through an arch, into another court, where were the prisons and hospital for women.

A single wall, quite thin, separated me from one of the rooms of these women. These poor creatures often deafened me with their songs, and sometimes with their quarrels. And, at evening, when the noise had ceased, I heard them conversing together.

If I had wished to enter into conversation with them, I could have done so; but I refrained, I knew not why. Was it timidity, pride, or a prudent caution about attaching myself to degraded women? It was, I believe, all these considerations put together. Woman, when she is such as she ought to be, is to me a being so exalted! To see her, to hear her, to speak to her, fills my mind with noble images; but, when vile and debased, she disturbs, afflicts, and disenchants my heart.

But (these *buts* are quite indispensable in painting man, a being so complex) among these females' voices, were some very sweet, and these, why not say it? were dear to me; one, especially, sweeter than the rest, was more seldom heard, and never expressed vulgar thoughts. She sung a little, and generally these two touching lines:

"Chi rende alla meschina
La sua felicità?"

"Who to the wretched will restore
The bliss that once was hers?"

Sometimes she chanted the litany: her companions assisted her, but I could recognize the voice of Magdalen among the rest, who always seemed determined to ravish it from me.

Yes, this unfortunate woman was called Magdalen. When one of her companions related her misfortunes to her, she sympathized and wept with her, repeating: "Courage, my dear, the Lord forsakes nobody."

What could prevent me from imagining her handsome, and more unfortunate than guilty; born for virtue; capable of returning to it, if she had abandoned it? Who could blame me for being affected by her voice, for listening to it with respect, for praying for her with peculiar fervor?

Innocence demands our respect, but how much more does repentance! Did the best of men, the God man, disdain to cast a look of compassion upon sinful women, to respect their confusion, and to place them in the number of souls which he honored most? Why have we so much scorn for woman when fallen into disgrace?

Reflecting thus, I was a hundred times tempted to raise my voice, and make a declaration of paternal love to Magdalen. One day I had commenced the first syllable of her name: "Mag."—strange thing! my heart throbbed like that of a lover of fifteen, yet I was thirty-one; which is not the age for childish palpitations.

I could go no further. I began again: "Mag.—Mag."—it was useless. I seemed ridiculous, and cried out in a rage: "*Matto!*" (fool) and not Mag.!

CHAPTER XII.

Thus ended my romance with that unfortunate female, but, for several weeks, I was indebted to her for most agreeable feelings. I was often melancholy, and her voice cheered me; often while thinking of the baseness and ingratitude of men, I was mad against them—I embraced the whole universe in my hatred—but then the voice of Magdalen led me back to pity and indulgence.

Oh! couldst thou not, unknown sinner, have been condemned to a punishment too severe; or whatever be thy sufferings, couldst thou at least profit by them, so as to elevate thyself,

to live and die dear to the Saviour! Couldst thou be pitied and respected by all those who knew thee, as thou hast been by me who knew thee not! Couldst thou inspire in all who see thee, patience, gentleness, the desire of virtue, confidence in God, as thou didst inspire them in him who loved thee unseen! My imagination may have erred in investing thee with a beautiful body, but thy soul, I am sure, was lovely. Thy companions spoke indelicately, but thou, always with modesty and politeness; they blasphemed God, and thou didst bless Him; they quarrelled and thou wast a peacemaker among them. Ah! if some one has stretched a hand to snatch thee from the career of dishonor; if he has conferred his benefit with delicacy, and wiped away thy tears, may all blessings be showered upon him, upon his children, and his children's children.

Near my own cell was another occupied by several men. I also heard them converse. One of them had acquired great authority over the others, not that he was of a superior condition, but because he had more audacity and boldness. As the saying is, he acted the doctor: he quarrelled and imposed silence upon his antagonist, by the imperious tone of his voice, and the clamor of his words. He dictated to them what they should think and feel; and they, after some resistance, ended by yielding to him in everything.

Wretched men! there was not one among them who alleviated the tedium of a prison by expressing a single tender sentiment, a single thought of religion and of love!

The chief of these, my neighbors, saluted me, and I answered him. He asked how I stood that *cursed life?* I answered that, for me, no life was cursed, however sad it might be, and that the enjoyment of thinking and loving should be sought for until death.

"Explain yourself, sir, explain yourself."

I did so, but was not understood. And, when after some ingenious preliminaries, I ventured to adduce as an example, the lively tenderness which the voice of Magdalen had produced in me, the chief burst into a violent fit of laughter.

"What is it? what is it?" exclaimed his companions.

The profane man reported my words, distorting them for the purpose of ridicule; shouts of laughter burst forth in full chorus, and I cut the figure of a complete fool.

It is the same thing in prison as in the world: they who rest their wisdom upon fretting, complaining, and vilifying others, regard as foolishness, the feelings of love and pity, and the need of consoling ourselves by those noble powers of imagination, which honor humanity and its Author.

CHAPTER XIII.

I LET them laugh on without saying a word. Two or three times they spoke to me, but I remained silent.

"He must have left his window. He must have gone. He must be listening to Magdalen's sighs. He must have been offended by our laughing."

They went on talking for a short time, when at length the chief imposed silence upon the others who were amusing themselves at my expense.

"Silence, you brutes, you don't know what you are talking about. Our neighbor is not such an ass as you think. You are incapable of reflecting upon anything. For myself, I laugh at first, but afterwards I reflect. All detestable scoundrels know how to act like madmen as well as we do. But a little more pleasant cheerfulness, a little more charity, a little more confidence in the goodness of Providence, frankly now, in your opinion, what does that indicate?"

"Now that I reflect also," answered one of them, "it seems to me to be a sign that the man is somewhat less of a ruffian than we are."

"Bravo!" exclaimed the chief, in a stentorian voice; "now, I begin to have some esteem for thy cabbage-head."

I did not pride myself much on being con-

sidered only *somewhat less of a rascal* than these fellows; and yet I felt a kind of joy that such degraded men recognized the importance of cultivating benevolent feelings.

I rattled the window-sash as if I had returned to it. The chief called to me; I answered him, hoping that he was desirous of moralizing after my own manner. I was mistaken: vulgar minds banish serious reflection; if a noble truth breaks upon them, they are capable of applauding it a moment; but they soon turn their attention away from it, and cannot resist the desire of showing their wit, by casting the truth into doubt, or turning it into ridicule.

He asked me if I was in prison for debt.

"No."

"Perhaps, accused of theft? accused falsely, understand."

"I am accused of quite a different thing."

"Some love affair?"

"No."

"Murder?"

"No."

"*Carboneria?*"

"Precisely."

"And who are these *Carbonari?*"

"I know so little of them that I cannot describe them."

A *secondino*, in a violent rage, interrupted us, and after loading my neighbors with abuse, he turned to me, with more of the gravity of a master than of a *sbiro*, and said: "It is shameful, sir, to stoop to converse with all sorts of people! Do you know that these men are thieves?"

I blushed, and then I blushed again for having blushed, for it seemed to me that to condescend to converse with all classes of the unhappy, is rather an act of kindness than a fault.

CHAPTER XIV.

The next morning I placed myself at the window to see Melchiore Gioja, but conversed no more with the thieves. I replied to their salutation, but told them I had been forbidden to talk.

The registrar who had questioned me at my examinations, came in to announce to me, in a mysterious manner, a visit that would give me pleasure. When he thought me sufficiently prepared, he said, "It is your father, please to follow me."

I followed him below into the offices, palpitating with joy and tenderness; yet forcing myself to assume an air of calmness which might tranquillize my poor father.

When he received information of my arrest, he hoped it had taken place upon suspicions of little weight, and that I would soon be restored to liberty. But seeing that my detention was prolonged, he had come to solicit the Austrian government for my release. Lamentable illusion of paternal love! He could not believe that I had been rash enough to expose myself to the rigor of the laws; and the studied cheerfulness with which I spoke, persuaded him that I had no misfortune to fear.

The short conversation which was allowed us, agitated me inexpressibly; the more so, that I strove to conceal all appearance of agitation. It was the greatest difficulty not to manifest it when it became necessary to separate.

In the circumstances in which Italy then was, I felt convinced that Austria would give some extraordinary examples of rigor, and that I should be condemned to death or many years of imprisonment. To conceal this conviction from my father! to delude him with the false hope of soon regaining my liberty! Not to burst into tears in embracing him, while speaking of my mother, of my brothers and sisters, whom I expected never to see again upon earth! To beg him with an unfaltering voice to come and see me again if he could! No. I never did such violence to my feelings.

He left me quite consoled, while I returned to my prison with a bruised heart. When I found myself alone, I hoped to find relief in giving way to tears. This solace failed me. I was convulsed with sobs, but could not shed a tear. The pain of not being able

to weep, is, in great misfortunes, one of the most cruel sufferings; and oh! how many times I have experienced it!

I was seized with a burning fever and a violent head-ache. During the whole day I was unable to swallow even a drop of broth. "Would that this sickness were mortal," I exclaimed, "which might abbreviate my torments."

Foolish and cowardly desire! God did not grant it, and now I thank him for it; I thank him not only because, after ten years of imprisonment, I have again beheld my dear family and can call myself happy, but because suffering adds worth to man, and I am willing to hope that mine has not been useless to me.

CHAPTER XV.

Two days after, my father returned. I had slept well during the night, and was without fever. I put on a calm countenance and a cheerful air, and nobody suspected what my heart had suffered, and was still suffering.

"I trust," said my father, "that within a few days you will be sent back to Turin. We have already prepared your room, and are expecting you with great anxiety. The duties of my situation oblige me to return. Make an effort, I beg you, to rejoin me soon."

His gentle and melancholy tenderness wrung my heart. Dissimulation seemed to be enjoined upon me by filial piety, yet I dissembled with a kind of remorse. It had been more worthy of my father and myself if I had said to him, "It is probable that we shall see each other no more in this world! Let us part like men, without a murmur and without complaint. Let me hear you pronounce a paternal benediction upon my head."

This language would have been a thousand times more suitable to me than that of dissimulation, but I looked at the eyes of the venerable old man, at his features and his grey hair, and it seemed to me that the unhappy old man had not strength enough to hear such things.

And if, through my unwillingness to deceive him, I had seen him giving up to despair, perhaps fainting away, perhaps (horrible idea!) falling dead in my arms!

I could not then tell him the truth, nor even let him discover it. My feigned serenity completely deceived him. We parted without tears. But having returned to my prison I was a prey to the same anguish, and even more violent than at his first visit; in vain did I invoke the gift of tears.

To resign myself to all the horrors of a long imprisonment, to the scaffold, was not above my strength; but to resign myself to the overwhelming affliction which my father, mother, brothers and sisters were about to experience, alas! my strength was not adequate to this.

I prostrated myself upon the earth, and with a fervor which I had never felt, I uttered this prayer: "My God, I accept all at thy hand; but fortify so strongly those hearts to which I was necessary, that I may cease to be so, and let none of their lives be, on this account, shortened a single day."

Oh, the benefit of prayer! I remained many hours with my mind elevated to God and my confidence increased, in proportion as I meditated upon the divine goodness, in proportion as I meditated upon the grandeur of the human soul when stripped of its selfishness, and when it forces itself to have no other will than that of Infinite Wisdom.

Yes, it can be so, and such is the duty of man. Reason, which is the voice of God, reason says that we ought to sacrifice everything to virtue. And shall we accomplish this sacrifice which we owe to it, if, in our greatest afflictions, we strive against the will of Him who is the source of all virtue? When the gibbet or any other species of martyrdom is inevitable, to fear it like a coward, and not to know how to walk to it blessing the Lord, is the index of miserable degradation or ignorance. We ought not only to consent to our own death, but also to the affliction which those who love us, must feel. All that is permitted us to ask of God,

is to temper it, to come to the aid of each of us; such a prayer is always answered.

CHAPTER XVI.

Many days passed by and I remained in the same state; that is, in a sweet sadness, full of peace and religious thoughts. I seemed to have triumphed over all weakness and to be no longer accessible to any disquietude. Foolish illusion! Man ought to strive after perfect constancy, but he never attains it upon earth. What could have disturbed me? The sight of an unhappy friend—of my good Piero, who passed at a little distance from me, on the piazza, while I was at the window. He had been dragged from his home to be conducted to the criminal prison. He and those who attended him passed so quickly that I had scarcely time to recognize him and return his salutation.

Poor young man! in the flower of his age, with a genius of splendid promise, a character honorable; delicate, affectionate, formed to enjoy life gloriously, to be thrown into prison for political reasons, at a time when it was almost impossible to escape the terrible thunderbolts of the law!

I felt such compassion for him, I had such a lively sorrow that I could not save him, nor even console him by my presence and my words, that nothing availed to restore me to calmness. I knew how much he loved his mother, his brother, his sisters, his brother-in-law, and his little nephews; how much he desired to contribute to their happiness; how much he was beloved by all these dear objects, and I felt what must be the affliction of each of them in so great a calamity. No terms can express the frenzy which then took possession of me; and this paroxysm lasted so long that I despaired of ever appeasing it. Even this fear was an illusion. O ye afflicted, who think yourselves a prey to an insurmountable, horrible, and ever increasing grief, have a little patience and you will be undeceived. Neither extreme calmness nor extreme disquietude can last a long time. It behooves us to be persuaded of this truth, in order to prevent us from becoming insolent in the hour of prosperity, and dejected in that of adversity.

Lassitude and apathy succeeded this long paroxysm of rage. But the apathy did not last long, and I feared lest in future I should alternate without repose between this and the opposite extreme. I shuddered at the prospect of such a future, and again had recourse to ardent prayer.

I besought God to assist my unhappy Piero as well as myself, and his family as well as my own. It was only in repeating these aspirations that I obtained real tranquillity.

CHAPTER XVII.

When my mind had become calm, I reflected upon the fury to which I had been a prey, and angry at myself on account of my weakness, I studied the means of curing it. Behold the expedient which I employed for that purpose. Each morning my first occupation, after a short prayer to the Creator, was to make a diligent and courageous examination of every possible event, which was capable of disturbing me. I fixed my imagination steadily upon each of them and prepared myself for it. From the dearest visit to that of the executioner, I imagined all. For several days this sad exercise appeared insupportable, but I endeavored to persevere, and soon I had reason to be glad of it.

On the first day of the year 1821, Count Luigi Porro obtained permission to come to see me. The tender and warm friendship which united us, the desire we felt of saying so many things, the hindrance to the outpouring of our hearts caused by the presence of a sheriff, the little time permitted us to remain together, the dark presentiments which beset me, the efforts which we both made to appear tranquil, all this seemed sufficient to

raise the most violent storm in my heart. But when separated from this dear friend, I felt deeply touched, yet calm.

Such is the power we gain by fortifying ourselves against strong emotions.

My effort to acquire a constant calmness did not proceed so much from the desire of diminishing my unhappiness as from the feeling that disquietude is an indication of weakness, and unworthy of a man. A mind in agitation ceases to reason; wrapped in an irresistible whirlwind of exaggerated ideas it forms to itself a blind, mad, and perverse logic; it is in a state absolutely anti-philosophical and anti-christian.

If I were a preacher, I would insist frequently upon the necessity of banishing inquietude; one cannot be good short of this. How much at peace with himself and with all others, was He whom we all ought to imitate! There can be neither greatness of soul nor justice without moderation in our ideas, and a mind disposed rather to smile at than to quarrel with the events of this short life. Anger is never useful except in those extremely rare cases in which one may hope by its means to humble a transgressor and withdraw him from iniquity.

There are, perhaps, irritations of a different nature from any with which I am acquainted, and which are less blameable; but that to which I had hitherto been the slave was not an irritation caused by mere affliction; there was always mingled with it much hatred, a great desire to curse, and to paint society, or this or that individual, in the most odious colors. True epidemic of this world! Man esteems himself better when he hates his fellows. All friends seem to whisper to each other in confidence: "Let us love only among ourselves; let us proclaim that others are but vile plebeians, and then we shall appear demi-gods."

Strange thing! that men should find in passion so many attractions. They even bring to it a kind of heroism. If the object which they hated yesterday happens to die, they immediately look about for another. "Of whom shall I complain to-day? Whom shall I hate? Who shall be the monster? O joy! I have found him! Come, friends, let us tear him to pieces."

Thus goes the world, and without slandering it, I can truly say that it goes badly.

CHAPTER XVIII.

It was no great malice in me to complain of the horrid room to which they had consigned me. Fortunately a better one soon became vacant, and they afforded me the agreeable surprise of giving it to me.

Ought I not to have been much pleased at the news? And yet, so it was, I could not think of Magdalen without regret. What childishness, to attach one's self always to something, yet, in truth, with scarcely any reason whatever. In leaving that wretched cell I once more turned my eyes towards the wall against which I had so often leaned, whilst a foot distant, perhaps the poor sinner was leaning against the other side. I wanted to hear once more those two lines so touching:

> "Chi rende alla meschina
> La sua felicità?"
>
> "Who to the wretched will restore
> The bliss that once was hers?"

Vain desire! It was one separation more in my unhappy life. I will not speak more at length about it, lest I may be laughed at, but it would be hypocrisy not to confess that I was sad on account of it for many days.

In going away, I said "adieu" to two of the thieves, my neighbors, who were at the window. The chief was not there, but when informed by his companions, he ran up and replied to my salutation. Then he commenced humming the air, "*Chi rende alla meschina.*" Did he wish to ridicule me? I would lay a wager, that if this question were put to fifty persons, forty-nine would answer "yes." Well, in spite of so great a majority, I incline to believe that this good thief wished to do me an act of politeness. I received it as such, and testified my gratitude to him by a

last look: and he, thrusting his arm between the bars, with his cap in his hand, again made me a sign when I was turning to descend the stairs.

When I was in the court-yard, I found a consolation. My little mute friend was under the portico. He saw and recognized me, and was running to meet me, when the jailer's wife, I know not why, seized him by the collar and shoved him into the house. I was pained not to be able to embrace him, but the little jumps that he made to meet me, gave me delicious emotions. It is so sweet to be loved!

That was a day of great adventures. Two steps further I found myself near the window of my former room, which Gioja now occupied. "Good morning, Melchiore," said I to him, in passing. He raised his head, and starting towards me, exclaimed, "Good morning, Silvio!"

Alas! I was not permitted to stop a moment. I turned under the doorway, ascended some steps, and found myself in a neat little chamber above that of Gioja.

After my bed had been brought, and the *secondini* had left me alone, my first care was to make a survey of the walls. There were written several memorials, some with a pencil or coal, others with a sharp pointed instrument. I found two elegant stanzas in French, which I now regret not having learned by heart. They were signed "*Le Duc de Normandie.*" I tried to sing them, adapting to them, as well as I was able, the air of my poor Magdalen. But behold, another voice from the adjoining room commenced singing them to a different air. When the singer had finished, I cried, "Bravo!" He saluted me politely, and asked if I was a Frenchman.

"No; I am an Italian, and my name is Silvio Pellico."

"The author of 'Francesca da Rimini?'"

"Precisely."

Here he paid me a delicate compliment, and offered the natural condolences on learning that I was in prison.

He inquired in what part of Italy I was born.

"In Piedmont," I replied; "I am from Saluces."

He again made me a gracious compliment upon the character and genius of the Piedmontese, mentioning particularly the men of merit born at Saluces, especially Bodoni. These praises were refined and delicate, evidently denoting the speaker to be a man of good education.

"Permit me now, sir," said I, "to ask who you are?"

"You just now sung one of my songs."

"Are the two beautiful stanzas yours, that are written upon the wall?"

"Yes, sir."

"You are, then"——

"The unfortunate Duke of Normandy."

CHAPTER XIX.

The jailer passed under our window, and made us keep silence. "What unfortunate Duke of Normandy?" said I to myself. "Is not that the title given to the son of Louis XVI.? But that poor child is dead: there is no doubt of it. Well, my neighbor must be one of those unhappy men who have tried to bring him to life. Many persons have already claimed to be Louis XVII., and been discovered to be impostors: what greater credit does he expect to obtain?"

Although I endeavored to remain in doubt, an irresistible incredulity prevailed in my mind, and still continues to do so. I determined, however, not to mortify the unhappy man, whatever fable he might relate to me.

A few minutes after, he began to sing again, and we afterwards resumed the conversation.

To my question in relation to his real rank, he replied, that he was, indeed, Louis XVII., and proceeded to declaim violently against his uncle, Louis XVIII., the usurper of his rights.

"But how is it that you did not assert these rights at the time of the Restoration?"

"I was at that time dangerously sick at Bologna. Scarcely recovered, I flew to Paris, and presented myself to the Allied Powers; but what was done was done: my uncle un-

justly refused to recognize me, and my sister joined with him to crush me. The good Prince of Condé alone received me with open arms, but his friendship availed me nothing. One evening, in the streets of Paris, I was assailed by assassins, armed with poniards, and escaped from their blows with much difficulty. After having wandered some time in Normandy, I returned to Italy and stopped at Modena. From that place I wrote without cessation to all the monarchs of Europe, and particularly to the Emperor Alexander, who always replied to me with the greatest politeness. I did not despair of obtaining justice at length, or at least a decent pension, if state policy demanded the sacrifice of my rights to the throne of France. I was arrested, conducted to the confines of the duchy of Modena, and delivered to the Austrian government. It is now eight months that I have been buried in this place, and God knows when I shall go out of it."

I did not give credit to all his words; but that he was buried in prison was but too true; and this alone inspired me with a lively compassion for him.

I begged him to relate to me briefly the story of his life. He narrated minutely all the particulars which I knew already concerning Louis XVII.: how he had been shut up with the villain, Simon the cobbler; how he had been forced to testify to an infamous slander against the habits of the poor Queen his mother, &c.; and finally, how some people came to his prison to take him, and after having substituted a stupid child named Mathurin in his place, they carried him off. There was in the street a carriage with four horses, of which one was a machine of wood, in which they concealed him. They arrived with good fortune at the banks of the Rhine; and when they had passed the frontier, General ——— (he told me his name, but I do not recollect it), the General who had liberated him served him for some time in the capacity of tutor and father, and afterwards sent or conducted him to America. There the young king, without a kingdom, experienced many vicissitudes, suffered hunger in the wilderness, engaged in war, lived honorably and happily at the court of the king of Brazil; was afterwards calumniated, persecuted, and obliged to fly. Having returned to Europe towards the close of the reign of Napoleon, he was detained a prisoner at Naples by Joachim Murat; and when he saw himself free and in a position to reclaim the throne of France, he was attacked at Bologna with that unlucky malady, during which Louis XVIII. was crowned.

CHAPTER XX.

He related this story with a surprising air of truth. I could not believe it, and yet I admired it. All the events of the French Revolution were perfectly well known to him. He spoke of them with much natural eloquence, and told, apropos to each, several curious anecdotes. There was something rather soldierlike in his language, yet there was no lack of that elegance which intercourse with good society confers.

"Will you permit me," said I, "to treat you familiarly, and without giving you your title?"

"That is what I desire," he replied. "Misfortune has at least been so far profitable to me, that I can smile at all vanities. I assure you that I esteem myself much more as a man than as a king."

Morning and evening we conversed a long time together; and although I was persuaded that he was acting a farce, his heart appeared to be good, candid, and fond of whatever is excellent. Many times I was on the point of saying to him: "Pardon me, I should like to believe that you are Louis XVII., but I confess to you, sincerely, that I am ruled by a contrary conviction; have the candor to abandon this fiction." And I meditated a beautiful little sermon for him upon the vanity of all lies, even those which appeared inoffensive.

I deferred it from day to day, waiting until our intimacy should still further increase, and never had the courage to execute my design. When I reflected upon this want of courage, I often attempted to excuse it on the ground

of politeness, an honest fear of giving pain—what do I know? But these excuses did not satisfy me; and I cannot disguise it from myself, that I should feel much better satisfied with my own conduct if this sermon which I prepared had not stuck in my throat. It is cowardice to feign to give credit to an imposture. It appears to me that I would never do it again. Yes, cowardice! Surely, no matter how delicately the meaning is enveloped, it is a bitter thing to say to a man, "I do not believe you." He will be angry; we shall lose the pleasure of his friendship; perhaps he may even overwhelm us with abuse. But all loss is more honorable than falsehood; and perhaps, also, the unhappy man who shall have loaded us with abuse, seeing that his imposture is not believed, will in secret admire our sincerity, and finish by yielding himself to those reflections which will bring him back to a better course.

The *secondini* seemed inclined to believe that their prisoner was, in fact, Louis XVII.; they had already seen so many mutations of fortune, that they did not despair of seeing him one day mount the throne of France, and then remember their devoted services. With the exception of lending their aid to his escape, they lavished upon him all the attentions which he could desire.

I was indebted to this circumstance for the honor of seeing this grand personage. He was of middle stature, forty or forty-five years of age, rather inclined to corpulence, with a truly Bourbon physiognomy. It was probably this accidental resemblance to the Bourbons which had suggested to him the idea of playing this sad character.

CHAPTER XXI.

I MUST accuse myself of another unworthy sacrifice to human respect. My neighbor was not an atheist, and even spoke sometimes of his religious feelings, like a man who appreciates and is not a stranger to them; but he entertained many unreasonable objections against Christianity, which he regarded less in its true essence than in its abuses. The superficial philosophy which had preceded and followed the Revolution in France, had dazzled him. He thought that we might worship God with more purity than according to the religion of the Gospel. Without possessing any great knowledge of Condillac and Tracy, he revered them as profound thinkers, and imagined that the latter had succeeded in resolving all the possible questions of metaphysics.

I, who had pushed my philosophical studies further, who perceived the weakness of experimental doctrine, who knew into what gross errors of criticism the age of Voltaire had fallen, in its eagerness to defame Christianity—I, who had read Guénée and other writers who have boldly unmasked this false criticism—I, who was persuaded that in strict logic we cannot admit a God and reject the Gospel—I, who considered it so vulgar a thing to follow the current of anti-Christian opinions, and not know how to rise to acknowledge how simple and sublime is Christianity when viewed in a proper light—alas! I was coward enough to sacrifice to human respect. The jests of my neighbor confounded me, although convinced of their futility. I dissembled my belief, hesitated, and reflected if it were proper or not to contradict him; I said to myself that it was useless, and wished to persuade myself that I was justifiable.

Cowardice! cowardice! Of what consequence is the bold vigor of received opinions, unless they rest upon some foundation? It is true that an unseasonable zeal is indiscreet, and may still more irritate the unbeliever. But to confess with frankness, and at the same time with modesty, what a man firmly believes to be an important truth; to confess it even when it is presumable that the avowal will not be received with approbation, but disdain, is an imperative duty. And this noble confession can always be made without taking at an improper time the tone of a missionary.

It is a duty to confess an important truth at all times; for if there is not reason to expect that it will be recognized immediately, it can nevertheless so prepare the minds of others,

that it will one day produce a greater impartiality of judgment, and the consequent triumph of the light.

CHAPTER XXII.

I REMAINED in that room a month and several days. On the night of the 18th of February, 1821, I was awakened by the rattling of chains and keys; I saw many men entering my room with a lantern: the first idea that struck me was, that they had come to murder me. But whilst I was regarding these figures with anxiety, Count B**** politely advanced towards me, and desired me to dress myself immediately, in order to depart.

This announcement surprised me, and I had the folly to hope I was to be conducted to the frontiers of Piedmont. Can it be possible that so great a tempest has so soon passed away? Shall I once more regain sweet liberty? again see my beloved parents, and brothers, and sisters?

These delusive thoughts agitated me for some minutes. I dressed in great haste, and followed my conductors, without having time to bid adieu to my neighbor. It seemed to me that I heard his voice, and it grieved me not to be able to reply to him.

"Where are you going?" said I to the Count, while entering the carriage with him and an officer of the guard.

"I cannot tell you till we are a mile from Milan."

I saw that the carriage was not going in the direction of the Vercellini gate, and all my hopes vanished!

I remained silent. It was a most beautiful night, the moon shining in full splendor. I surveyed those dear streets where I had walked so many years, so happy then! The houses, the churches, all recalled to me a thousand pleasing associations.

O thou walk of the Oriental gate, and ye public gardens, where I have wandered so many times with Foscolo, Monti, Lodovico di Brême, Pietro Borsieri, Porro and his two sons, and with so many other dear friends, conversing in all the plenitude of life and hope! As I said to myself that I was beholding you for the last time, as I saw you rapidly disappearing from my sight, O how I felt that I had loved you, and loved you still! When we had passed the gate, I pulled my hat over my eyes and wept unperceived.

I allowed more than a mile to pass, and then said to Count B****, "I suppose we are going to Verona?"

"Further," he replied; "we are going to Venice, where I am to put you into the hands of a special commission."

We travelled by post, without stopping, and on the 20th of February, arrived at Venice.

In September of the preceding year, one month before my arrest, I was at Venice, and dined with a numerous and joyous company at the hotel *della Luna*. Strange! it was to the same hotel that the Count and guard conducted me.

A servant started in recognizing me, and perceiving that I was in the hands of the officers of justice (although the guard and his two assistants were disguised so as to look like my servants). I rejoiced at this rencounter, persuaded that the servant would tell more than one person of my arrival.

We dined, and afterwards I was conducted to the palace of the Doge, where the tribunal was then in session. I passed under those dear porticoes of the Procurati, and before the Florian coffee-house, where I had enjoyed so many pleasant evenings the autumn before; I had not the fortune to meet with any one of my acquaintance.

We crossed the Piazzetta—the same Piazzetta where, last September, a mendicant had addressed me with these singular words: "It is easy to see that you are a stranger, sir; but I do not conceive why you and all strangers admire this place; for me it is a place of misfortune, and I never pass it except from necessity."

"Perhaps some misfortune has happened to you here?"

"Yes, sir, a horrible misfortune; and not

to me only! God preserve you from it!" and he left me in great haste.

As I now again passed over the same place, it was impossible not to remember the words of the mendicant. It was again on that same Piazzetta, that in the following year I mounted the scaffold to hear my sentence of death read; and the commutation of that sentence to fifteen years of *carceri duro!* (close confinement).

If my head were ever so little troubled with superstitious notions, I should attach much importance to that mendicant, who so earnestly assured me that it was an *unlucky place.* But I notice the fact only as a strange coincidence.

We ascended to the palace; Count B**** spoke to the judges, and consigned me to the hands of the jailer; and in taking leave of me, he embraced me with emotion.

CHAPTER XXIII.

I FOLLOWED the jailer in silence. After having traversed many corridors and rooms, we reached a little staircase which conducted us under *the Leads*, a famous state prison since the time of the republic of Venice.

The jailer registered my name, and shut me up in the chamber assigned to me.

What is called *the Leads*, is the upper part of the old palace of the Doge, entirely covered with lead.

My room had one large window, with an enormous grate, and looked upon the roof of St. Mark's church, also covered with lead. Beyond the church, I saw in the distance the end of the Piazzetta, and a great number of cupolas and steeples on all sides. The gigantic steeple of St. Mark was distant from me only the length of the church, and I heard those who were upon the top speak quite plainly. On the left side of the church could also be seen a part of the great court of the palace, and one of the entrances. In that part of the court is a public well, whence people were constantly coming to draw water; but my room was so high, that men appeared to me no larger than children, and I could distinguish their words only when they screamed. Thus I was much more solitary than in the prisons of Milan.

During the first days, the cause of the criminal prosecution, which was brought against me by the special commission, made me rather sad, and to this was added, perhaps, the painful feeling of a greater solitude. I was, besides, further removed from my family, and no longer received any news of them. The new faces that I saw were not unfriendly to me, but they kept a seriousness almost alarming. Report had exaggerated to them the conspiracies of the Milanese, and of the rest of Italy, for independence, and they doubted not that I was one the least pardonable among the instigators of that mad plot. My little literary celebrity was known to the jailer, his wife, his daughter, his two sons, and even the two *secondini.* Who knows if they did not all regard a writer of tragedies as a kind of sorcerer?

They were serious, cautious, eager to know all that concerned me, but full of politeness.

After a few days, their manners were softened, and I found them kind. The wife was the one who most preserved the character and tone of a jailer. She was a woman of about forty years, exceedingly dry both in face and words, and appearing incapable of kindness for anything except her children.

She used to bring me coffee in the morning and after dinner; also, water, linen, &c. She was generally accompanied by her daughter, a girl of fifteen, not pretty, but of a compassionate expression, and by her two sons, one of thirteen years and the other one of ten. They retired with their mother; and these three young faces were gently turned back to look at me, while closing the door. The jailer made his appearance only when he had to conduct me to the room where the commission was assembled to examine me. The *secondini* came rarely, because they had to attend to the prisons of the police, situated a story below me, containing always many thieves. One of these *secondini* was an old man of more than seventy years, still adequate

to this fatiguing life of constantly running up and down the stairs of the various prisons; the other was a young man of twenty-four or five years, more ready to narrate his love affairs than to perform his duty.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Ah, yes! the cares of a criminal prosecution are horrible to a man charged with a state offence. What fear of injuring others! What difficulty to struggle against so many accusations, against so many suspicions! What apprehensions lest everything should become involved, every day, more unluckily, if the trial is not soon terminated, if new arrests are made, if new indiscretions are discovered, not only of unknown persons, but of the party itself!

Having resolved not to speak of politics, I must necessarily suppress everything relating to my trial. I will only say that, often after passing long hours at the examination, I returned to my room so much exasperated and so furious, that I should have put an end to my own life, if the voice of religion and the remembrance of my dear parents had not restrained me.

The habit of calmness, which I seemed to have acquired at Milan, had forsaken me; for many days I despaired of regaining it: they were for me days of hell. Then I ceased to pray; I doubted the justice of God; I cursed mankind and the whole universe, and revolved in my mind all possible sophisms on the vanity of virtue.

The unhappy and infuriated man is fearfully ingenious in calumniating his fellow-beings, and even the Creator himself. Anger is more immoral and more criminal than it is generally thought. He cannot rave from morning to night, for weeks; the soul most swayed by fury has of necessity its intervals of repose; and those intervals are commonly affected by the immorality that has preceded them. Then he will seem to enjoy peace; but it is a malignant and impious peace; a savage smile, without charity, without dignity; a love of disorder, of intoxication, and of scorn.

In such a state, I sung entire hours, with a sort of levity totally void of good feelings; I joked with all who came into my chamber; I forced myself to regard everything with a vulgar wisdom, the wisdom of the cynic.

This infamous time was of short duration—six or seven days.

My Bible was covered with dust. One of the sons of the jailer, while caressing me one day, said: "Since the gentleman stopped reading this bad book, he is not so melancholy, it seems to me."

"It seems to you?" said I.

And taking the Bible, I brushed off the dust with my handkerchief, and opening it at random, my eyes fell upon these words: "Then said he unto his disciples, It is impossible but that offences will come; but woe unto him through whom they come! It were better for him that a millstone were hanged about his neck, and he cast into the sea, than that he should offend one of these little ones."

I was struck at finding these words, and blushed that the boy had perceived that I no longer read the Bible, by the dust which was upon it, and that he could think I had become more amiable in neglecting God.

"Little rogue!" said I to him with a caressing reproach, and sorry to have scandalized him, "this is not a bad book, and for several days that I have not read it I have been much worse. When your mother allows you to remain a moment with me, I try to drive away my bad humor; but if you knew how it overcomes me when I am alone, when you hear me sing like a madman!"——

CHAPTER XXV.

The boy was gone—and I experienced a real joy that I had taken again my Bible in hand, and had confessed that I was worse without it. It seemed to me that I had made

reparation to a generous friend unjustly offended, and had been reconciled to him.

"And had I abandoned thee, O my God?" I cried, "and was I prevented? Could I believe that the infamous laugh of cynicism was suited to my desperate situation?"

I uttered these words with inexpressible emotion; I placed the Bible on a chair, and knelt down to read it; and I, who wept with so much difficulty, burst into tears.

These tears were a thousand times more sweet than that brutal joy. I began anew to know God; I loved him; I repented of having outraged him in degrading myself, and promised to separate from him no more; no, never!

Oh! how a sincere return to religion comforts and elevates the soul!

I read and wept more than an hour; and rose up, full of confidence that God was with me, that he had pardoned all my folly. Then my misfortunes, the torments of my trial, the impending gibbet, appeared things of little importance. I rejoiced to suffer, because in suffering with resignation I obeyed the Lord.

Thanks to Heaven, I knew how to read the Bible. The time was past when I judged it with the narrow criticism of Voltaire, deriding expressions that are neither ridiculous nor false, except when, through real ignorance or malice, they are not properly understood. I saw clearly how much it is entitled to be received as the code of holiness, and, consequently, of truth; how anti-philosophical is that fastidiousness which takes offence at certain imperfections of style, resembling the senseless pride of him who despises everything that has not an elegant form; how absurd it is to imagine that such a collection of books, religiously venerated, had not an authentic origin; how undeniable was the superiority of the Scriptures to the Koran and the theology of India.

Many have abused them; many have wished to make of them a code of injustice, a sanction of their wicked passions. This is true, but still the same reproach. Everything may be abused; and when has the abuse of a good thing authorized us to say that it is bad in itself?

Jesus Christ has declared, that all the law and the prophets, all this collection of sacred books, may be reduced to the precept of loving God and men. Must not such writings be the truth, adapted to all ages? Must they not be the ever-living Word of the Holy Spirit?

These reflections being once awakened in me, I resumed my resolution of referring to religion all my thoughts upon human affairs, all my thoughts upon the progress of civilisation, my philanthropy, my love of country—in fine, all the affections of my soul.

The few days I had passed in cynicism had strangely corrupted me. I felt the effects of it a long time, and had to struggle hard to overcome it. Every time that man yields, even for a moment, to the temptation of degrading his intellect to regard the works of God through the infernal lens of ridicule, to cease the beneficial exercise of prayer, the havoc which is made in his reason disposes him to an easy fall. Almost every day, for several weeks, I was violently assailed by thoughts of unbelief, and I employed all my strength of mind to banish them.

CHAPTER XXVI.

When these conflicts had ceased, and I seemed to be newly strengthened in the habit of glorifying God in all my desires, I tasted for some time a delicious peace. The examinations to which the commission subjected me, every two or three days, however painful they were, no longer plunged me into lasting disquietude. I took care, in my critical position, not to fail in my duties of honor and friendship, and then said, "Let God do the rest."

I returned to the strict habit of anticipating daily all surprise, all emotion, every supposable misfortune; and again this exercise became interesting to me.

My solicitude was still further increased. The two sons of the jailer, who at first sometimes kept me company, were sent to school;

and afterwards, remaining little at home, they no longer came to see me. The mother and sister, who often stopped to talk with me when the boys were there, now only came to bring my coffee, and left me directly. For the mother I felt little regret, because she did not manifest a compassionate heart. But the daughter, although not handsome, had a certain sweetness of look and language, which was not without value for me. When she brought my coffee, and said, "I made it," I always found it excellent; when she said, "Mamma made it," it was warm water.

Seeing human beings so rarely, I turned my attention to some ants that came upon my window: I fed them sumptuously; they went to seek for an army of their companions, and my window was soon filled with these little animals. I busied myself also with a beautiful spider which spun her web on one of the walls of my prison. I fed her with gnats and midges, and she took such a liking to me that she came upon my bed, into my hands, and took her prey from my fingers.

Would to God that these had been the only insects to visit me! It was yet spring, and already the midges had multiplied, I can truly say, in a frightful manner. The winter had been one of extraordinary mildness, and after some March winds, the warm weather came. It is impossible to say how hot the air became in the cell which I occupied. Situated exactly to the south, under a roof of lead, my window looking upon that of St. Mark's church, also of lead, from which the reflection was dreadful, it was suffocating. I never had an idea of heat so overpowering. To this great torment was added such a multitude of midges, that however much I moved about and destroyed them, I was entirely covered with them: the bed, the table, the floor, the chairs, the walls, the ceiling, everything, was covered with them; and the air contained an infinite number, perpetually going and coming through the window, with an infernal buzzing. The bites of these insects are painful; and to feel them from morning to night, and from night to morning, and to have to be contriving incessantly how to diminish their number, is in truth too great a suffering for mind and body.

When I had learned from experience the severity of this scourge, and could not obtain a change of my prison, I was pursued with the temptation to commit suicide, and sometimes feared that I should become crazy. But, thanks to Heaven, this fury was not of long duration, and religion continued to sustain me. It persuaded me that man ought to suffer, and suffer with fortitude; it made me feel a certain pleasure in my sufferings, the satisfaction of not yielding, but rather of overcoming everything.

I said to myself: "The more painful life becomes to me, the less terrified I shall be, if, young as I am, I shall be condemned to punishment; without these preparatory sufferings, I should perhaps die like a coward. And besides, have I such virtues as deserve happiness? and where are they?"

And after a rigorous self-examination, I found in my past life but few actions worthy of any praise; all the rest were foolish passions, idolatry, a proud and false virtue. "Well!" concluded I, "suffer then, unworthy man! If men and insects should destroy you, merely through anger, and without right, recognize them as the instruments of Divine Justice, and be still."

CHAPTER XXVII.

Has man any need of making an effort to humble himself sincerely, and to own himself a sinner? Is it not true that in general we waste our youth in vanity, and that instead of employing all our powers to advance in the career of excellence, we make use of them for the most part to degrade ourselves? There are some exceptions; but I confess that these do not regard my poor self. I have no merit in being dissatisfied with myself. When we see a lamp emitting more smoke than flame, it is no great proof of sincerity to say that it does not burn as it ought.

Without self-abasement, without the scruples of the bigot, contemplating myself with the utmost calmness of mind, I found myself

worthy of the chastisements of God. A voice from within told me, "These chastisements are due for this, if not for that; let them bring you back to Him who is perfection itself, whom mortals are called upon to imitate according to the limits of their strength."

With what reason, then, since I was forced to acknowledge myself guilty of a thousand infidelities towards God, could I complain if some men appeared vile, and others unjust? If the good things of this world were ravished from me? If I was to pine away in prison, or perish by a violent death?

I endeavored to impress deeply on my heart these reflections, so just and so much felt; and that done, I saw that it was necessary to be consistent, and that I could be so, only in blessing the just decrees of God, in loving them, and in extinguishing within me every wish contrary to them.

To strengthen myself more in this purpose, I resolved from that time forth to make a development in writing of all my thoughts and feelings. The difficulty was, that the commission, while allowing me ink and paper, counted the sheets, forbidding me to destroy any, and reserving to themselves the right of examining what use I made of them. To supply the want of paper, I had recourse to the innocent artifice of smoothing a rough table that I had, with a piece of glass, and on this I wrote each day long meditations on the duties of men, my own in particular.

I do not exaggerate when I say that the hours thus employed were sometimes delicious, in spite of the difficulty of breathing that I suffered from excessive heat, and the painful bites of the midges. To guard against these last, I was obliged, notwithstanding the heat, to cover my head and legs, and to write not only with gloves on, but with my wrists tied round, to prevent their crawling into my sleeves.

These meditations of mine took a somewhat biographical form. I wrote the history of all the good and evil developed within me since my infancy, discussing with myself, laboring to solve all my doubts, arranging, as well as I was able, all my knowledge, and all my ideas upon everything.

When all the disposable surface of the table was covered with writing, I read it over again and again, I meditated on my own meditations, and at last decided (often with regret) to erase the whole with glass, in order to have a surface again suitable to receive my thoughts.

In this manner I continued my history, often retarded by digressions of all sorts, by the analysis of this or that point of metaphysics, of morals, of politics, or religion; and when all was covered, I began to read and read again, and afterwards to efface.

Wishing to avoid anything that could prevent my giving a free and faithful account of all the facts which I recollected, as well as of my opinions, and foreseeing the possibility of some inquisitorial visit, I wrote in a sort of jargon, that is, with transpositions of letters, and abbreviations, to which I was well accustomed.

No visit of the sort happened, however, and nobody suspected that I spent that most gloomy season so agreeably. When I heard the jailer or other person open the door, I covered the table with a table-cloth and placed upon it the inkstand and the *legal* sheets of paper.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Some of my hours were also devoted to this paper, sometimes a whole day or night. It served me for literary compositions. During that time I composed the "*Esther d'Engaddi*," "*Iginia d'Asti*," and the four songs entitled "*Tancreda*," "*Rosilde*," "*Eligi and Valafrido*," and "*Adello*," besides many outlines of tragedies and other productions, such as a poem upon the League of Lombardy, and another on Christopher Columbus.

As the renewal of my paper, when it was exhausted, was not always a thing easily

and readily obtained, I made the first sketch of every composition on the table, or on brown paper, in which were wrapped the dried figs and other fruits which I sent for. Sometimes, giving my dinner to one of the *secondini*, and making him believe that I had no appetite, I induced him to make me a present of some sheets of paper. This happened only in certain cases, when the table was covered with writing, and I could not yet resolve to erase it. Then I suffered from hunger, and although my money was deposited with the jailer, I asked of him nothing to eat the whole day, partly that he might not suspect that I had given away my dinner, partly that the *secondino* might not perceive that I had told him a falsehood in assuring him that I had no appetite. To sustain myself, I took at night very strong coffee, and begged that it should be made by *Sivra Zanze*. This was the daughter of the jailer, who, when she could do it without the knowledge of her mother, made it uncommonly strong; so much so, that on account of my empty stomach, it caused a kind of nervous excitement without pain, which kept me awake the whole night.

In this state of pleasing intoxication, I felt my intellectual powers redoubled; I philosophised, composed poetry and prayed until day-break, with surprising enjoyment. Then I was seized by a sudden weakness; I threw myself on my bed, and in spite of the insects which still succeeded in sucking my blood, although I was well wrapped up, I slept for an hour or two profoundly.

Those nights, agitated by strong coffee taken upon an empty stomach, and passed in such pleasing elevation of mind, appeared too delightful to me not to seek to procure them often. Thus, even when I had no need of the *secondino's* paper, I often adopted the plan of not touching a mouthful of my dinner for the purpose of obtaining at night the desired charm of the magic beverage. Happy when I attained my object! More than once it happened that the coffee was not made by the compassionate Zanze; it was then but an insipid drink. This disappointment put me rather into ill humor. Instead of being excited, I felt languid and hungry; I gaped, and threw myself on my bed, and could not sleep.

I afterwards complained to Zanze, and she pitied me. One day when I was scolding her bitterly, as if she had cheated me, the poor child began to cry, and said to me, "Sir, I never deceived any one, and yet everybody accuses me of deceit."

"Everybody? It appears that I am not the only one who gets provoked by such drink."

"That is not what I mean. Ah! if you knew—if I could pour out my poor heart to yours!"

"But do not weep so. What can be the matter? I beg your pardon if I have scolded you wrongfully. I fully believe that it is not your fault that I had such wretched coffee."

"Ah! sir, I am not crying for that."

My self-love was a little mortified at that, but I smiled.

"You weep, then, when I scold you, but for quite another thing?"

"Frankly, yes."

"Who, then, has called you deceitful?"

"A lover."

And her face became covered with blushes. In her ingenuous confidence she narrated to me a serio-comic tale which affected me.

CHAPTER XXIX.

After that day I became, I know not why, the confidant of this young girl, who began to hold long conversations with me.

She said to me sometimes, "You are so good, sir, that I regard you as a daughter might regard her father."

"You make me a poor compliment," I replied, repelling her hand; "I am scarcely thirty-two years old, and you already treat me as your father!"

"Well, sir, I will say as a brother."

And she took my hand by force, and pressed it affectionately; and all this was very innocent.

I said to myself afterwards, "It is lucky that she is not a beauty! otherwise these innocent familiarities might disconcert me."

Sometimes also I said, "It is fortunate she is so young! There will be no danger of my falling in love with a girl of her age."

At other times I felt a little inquietude in observing that I had deceived myself in thinking her ugly, and was obliged to admit that her features and form were not without regularity.

"If she were not so pale," said I, "and had not those few freckles on her face, she might pass for handsome."

The truth is, it is impossible not to find some charm in the presence, the look and the language of a young, lively and affectionate girl. I had done nothing to captivate her affections, and yet she loved me *as a father*, or if I preferred, *as a brother*. Why? Because she had read my "*Francesca da Rimini*," and "*Eufemio*," and my verses made her weep so much! because, too, I was a prisoner, *without having been guilty*, she said, either of *robbery* or *murder*.

In fine, how could I, who had become attached to Magdalen without having seen her, remain indifferent to the sisterly attentions, graceful flatteries, and the excellent coffee of the Venezianina adolescente sbirra?

I should not speak the truth if I attributed to my wisdom my not falling in love with her. I was not taken with her, simply because she had a lover already, of whom she was passionately fond. Alas for me if it had been otherwise!

But if the feeling which she awoke in my heart was not exactly what is called love, I acknowledge that it approached somewhat to it. It was my desire that she should be happy, that she should marry the man she loved; I had not the least jealousy, the remotest idea that she could make me the object of her love, but when I heard my door open, my heart beat with the hope that it was Zanze; if it was not, I was dissatisfied; if it was she, my heart bounded with joy.

Her parents, who had already conceived a good opinion of me, and who knew that she was desperately in love with another, had no scruples in letting her come to bring my coffee almost always in the morning, and sometimes in the evening.

She had a bewitching simplicity and kind-heartedness. She said to me: "I am so in love with another, and yet I so gladly stay with you! When I do not see my lover I have a feeling of ennui everywhere except here."

"And do you not know why?"

"No, indeed."

"Then I will tell you; it is because I let you talk about your lover."

"That is very true; but another reason is, I have so much esteem for you."

Poor girl! she had the charming fault of always taking my hand and pressing it, and did not perceive that it at the same time pleased and troubled me.

Thanks to Heaven that I am able to recollect this excellent creature without the least remorse!

CHAPTER XXX.

These pages would certainly be more interesting if Zanze had fallen in love with me, or if, at least, I had been taken with her. And yet the bond of pure esteem that united us, was dearer to me than love. And if I feared for a moment in the folly of my heart, that this feeling might become changed in its character, I was seriously saddened by it.

Once in doubt that this might happen, wretched at finding her (I know not by what enchantment) a hundred times prettier than she appeared at first, surprised at the melancholy which I often felt in her absence, and at the joy which her presence again brought me, I acted the sullen for two days, imagining that she would drop somewhat of her familiarity towards me. The expedient availed little; the girl was so patient, so full of compassion! She rested her elbow upon

the window, and stood regarding me in silence. After some time she said:

"You appear tired of my company; yet if I could, I would remain here all day, simply because I see that you need some amusement. This ill humor is the natural effect of solitude. But try to talk a little, and the ill humor will pass off. If you do not wish to chat, I will do it myself."

"Of your lover, eh?"

"Oh, no! not always about him: I know how to speak of other things, too."

And she commenced, in fact, to entertain me with the little interests of her family, the harshness of her mother, the kindness of her father, and the wild pranks of her brothers. These recitals were full of simplicity and grace. But without being aware of it, she always fell back upon the beloved theme—her unhappy love.

I did not wish to leave off my sullenness, and hoped that she would be offended at it; but either through inattention or art, she did not seem to observe it, and at last I was forced to resume my serenity, to smile, to be affected, and to thank her for her sweet patience with me.

I abandoned the ungrateful thought of wishing to offend her, and gradually my fears subsided. Certainly I was not in love with her. I examined my scruples for a long time; I wrote my reflections on the subject, and the exposition of them did me good.

Man sometimes frightens himself at scarecrows; not to be afraid of them, it is necessary to examine them nearer and with more attention.

And what harm was there, if I desired her visits with tender anxiety—if I appreciated their sweetness—if I rejoiced in her sympathy—if I returned pity for pity, since our thoughts of each other had the purity of the purest thoughts of childhood—since her pressures of the hand and her looks, full of affection, while they troubled, filled me with a salutary respect?

One evening, while pouring into my heart a great affliction that she had experienced, the unhappy girl threw her arms around my neck and covered my face with tears. There was not the least profane idea in this embrace. A daughter could not embrace her father with more respect.

The only effect of it was, that my imagination was too vividly impressed by it. This embrace often recurred to my mind, and then I could think of nothing else.

Another time, when she abandoned herself to a similar burst of filial confidence, I hastily disengaged myself from her dear arms, without returning her embrace, and said to her, stammering:

"I beg of you, Zanze, do not embrace me so any more, it is not right."

She fixed her eyes upon my face, cast them down, and blushed; certainly it was the first time that she read in my soul that I could have any weakness towards her.

Afterwards she did not cease to be familiar with me; but her familiarity became more respectful, more conformed to my wishes, and I felt grateful to her for it.

CHAPTER XXXI.

I CANNOT speak of evils which afflict other men; as to those which have fallen to my lot since my entrance into life, I must acknowledge that, in examining them closely, I have always found them ordered for my benefit; yes, even to the horrible heat that oppressed me, to those armies of gnats which waged so cruel a war! A thousand times have I reflected upon it; without this inexhaustible source of torments, should I have found the constant vigilance necessary to keep me invulnerable to the darts of a love which threatened me, and which I should have with difficulty restrained within the bounds of respect, with a character so playful and affectionate as was that of this young girl? If, sometimes, even then, I so much distrusted myself, should I have been able to govern my foolish imagination, in an atmosphere a little more agreeable, and a little more suited to enjoyment?

With the imprudence of the parents of Zanze, who had so great a confidence in me; with the imprudence of the girl herself, who did not foresee that she could be to me the cause of a guilty intoxication; with the insecurity of my virtue, doubtless the suffocating heat of that furnace, and the cruel bites of the gnats, were a salutary thing for me.

This thought somewhat reconciled me with those scourges, and then I asked myself: "Would you be freed from them, and go into a good room cooled by a pure air, on the condition of seeing this affectionate creature no more?"

Must I tell the truth? I had not the courage to answer that question.

When we wish well to another, we find an indefinable pleasure in things the most insignificant in appearance. Often a word from Zanze, a smile, a tear, a graceful turn of her Venetian dialect, the quickness of her arm in defending herself and me from the gnats with her handkerchief or fan, all this infused into my soul a childish joy, which lasted the whole day. Above all, it was sweet to me to see that her sorrows subsided while speaking to me, that my sympathy was dear to her, that my counsels persuaded her, and that her heart warmed when we spoke of virtue and of God.

"When we have spoken together of religion," she remarked to me, "I pray more willingly, and with a more lively faith."

Sometimes, cutting short a frivolous conversation, she took the Bible, opened it, and, kissing a verse at random, begged me to translate and explain it to her, then she said: "I should like that each time you read that verse, you would recollect that I have imprinted upon it a kiss."

These kisses, in truth, did not always fall happily, particularly if she happened to open the Song of Songs. Then, not to make her blush, I took advantage of her ignorance of Latin, and made use of phrases with which I could at the same time preserve her innocence and the sacredness of the book, two things that inspired me with the greatest veneration. In such cases I never allowed myself to smile. It was, nevertheless, not a small embarrassment to me, when, sometimes, not having well understood my false version, she begged me to translate the verse word for word, and did not let me pass quickly to another subject.

CHAPTER XXXII.

Nothing is lasting here below. Zanze fell sick. During the first days of her illness she came to see me, complaining of severe pains in her head. She wept, and would not tell me the cause of her tears. She only muttered some complaints against her lover. "He is a villain," she said, "but may God forgive him!"

However urgently I begged her to unburthen her heart to me, as she was accustomed to do, I could not find out what so much distressed her.

"I will come back to-morrow morning," said she, one evening.

But the next day, my coffee was brought by her mother; on other days, by the *secondini*. Zanze was seriously ill.

The *secondini* brought me equivocal reports concerning the love of the girl, which made my hair stand on end. A seduction!—But perhaps that was a calumny. I confess that I gave them credit, and was much afflicted at so great a misfortune. I like, however, to hope they were false. After more than a month of sickness, the poor thing was taken to the country, and I saw her no more.

I cannot express how much I mourned her loss. Oh! how much more horrible did my solitude become! A hundred times more bitter to me than her absence, was the thought of this good creature's unhappiness! Her sweet compassion had so often consoled me in my miseries, and now mine was unavailing for her. But, certainly, she knew that I would weep for her, that I would have made every sacrifice to procure for her, if it had been possible, some consolation; that I would never cease to bless her and to offer up prayers for her happiness.

While Zanze remained, her visits, though always too short, diversifying agreeably the monotony of my perpetual meditations and silent studies, interweaving other ideas with my own, and stirring up sweet affections within me, really embellished my adversity and doubled my existence.

After her departure, my prison again became a tomb to me. For many days I was oppressed with sadness to such a degree, that I found no pleasure even in writing.

My sadness, however, was calm in comparison to the furies that I had before experienced. Did this indicate that I had become more familiarized with misfortune, more of a philosopher, more a Christian? or only that the suffocating heat of my room had had the effect of destroying the force of my sorrow? Oh, no! I remember feeling it powerfully in the bottom of my soul, and the more powerfully, perhaps, that I would not give vent to it in cries and agitation.

Certainly, this long apprenticeship had already made me more capable of enduring new afflictions, by resigning myself to the will of God. I had said to myself so many times, "It is cowardice to complain," that I had at length learned how to restrain my complaints, ready to burst forth, and was even ashamed that they had been so near my lips.

The habit of writing my thoughts had contributed to fortify my mind, to disabuse me of vanities, and to reduce most of my reasoning to these conclusions:

"There is a God: therefore an infallible justice: then, everything that happens is ordered for the best; therefore the sufferings of man on earth are for the good of man."

My acquaintance with Zanze had been a benefit to me; she had softened my disposition. Her sweet approbation had incited me not to falsify, for several months, the duty which I considered incumbent upon every man, to be superior to fortune, and consequently patient. And these months of constancy had habituated me to resignation.

Zanze saw me fall into a passion but twice. The first was on the occasion of the bad coffee, of which I have already spoken; the second was under the following circumstances:

Every two or three weeks, the jailer brought a letter from my family. This letter, passing first through the hands of the commission, came to me horribly mutilated by erasures made by the blackest ink. It happened, one day, that instead of erasing a few phrases only, they had drawn a horrible line over the entire letter, with the exception of these words: "*My dear Silvio*," which were at the beginning of the letter, and the closing salutation: "*We embrace you with all our hearts.*"

This threw me into such a rage, that even in the presence of Zanze I burst out into violent cries, and cursed I know not whom. The poor child commiserated my grief, but at the same time reproached me with inconsistency in respect of my principles. I saw that she was right and cursed no more.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

One of the *secondini* came into my room one day, and with an air of mystery, said to me:

"When Siora Zanze was here . . . as it was she who brought the coffee . . . and stopped a long time to talk . . . I was afraid the little rogue would discover all your secrets, sir . . . "

"She never discovered a single one," said I, in anger; "and if I had had any, I should not have been so simple as to let them be drawn out of me. Continue."

"Pardon, sir, I did not say that you were simple, but I did not put much confidence in Siora Zanze myself, and now that you have nobody to hold you company . . . I trust . . . that . . . "

"What? explain yourself at once."

"But first swear not to betray me."

"Oh! to swear not to betray you, I can do that; I never betrayed anybody."

"Then you swear it truly, eh?"

"Yes, I swear not to betray you. But know, dunce that you are, that a man capable of betraying you, will also be capable of violating an oath."

Then, drawing a letter from his pocket, he gave it to me, trembling and conjuring me to destroy it as soon as I had read it.

"Stop a moment," said I, opening the letter; "when I have read it, I will destroy it in your presence."

"But it will be necessary to answer it, sir, and I cannot wait. Do it at your leisure; only let us make this agreement. When you hear any one coming, mark well: if it is I, I will always hum the air, '*Sognai, mi gera un gato.*' Then you have no surprise to fear, and you can have any papers whatever in your pocket. But if you do not hear that tune, it will be a sign either that it is not I, or that I have some one with me. In such a case, take care not to have any papers concealed, for they might make a search; but if you have any, be sure to tear them up, and throw them out of the window."

"Never fear: I see that you are prudent, and I will be so too."

"And yet you called me a fool."

"You do right to reproach me with it," said I, pressing his hand. "Pardon me."

He went away, and I read:

"I am (here was the writer's name) one of your admirers. I know all your *Francesca da Rimini* by heart. I was arrested for (and here he gave the date and cause of his arrest), and I would give I know not how many pounds of my blood, to have the happiness of being with you, or at least of having a prison adjoining yours, so that we might converse together. Ever since I heard from Tremerello (so we will call our confidant) that you were arrested, and for what cause, I have burned with the desire of telling you that no one compassionates your misfortunes more than I, that no one loves you more. Will you be good enough to accept the following proposition, viz.: that we should mutually alleviate the weight of our solitude by a written correspondence? I promise you as a man of honor, that no living soul shall ever know of it from me, persuaded that if you accept it, I may expect the same secrecy from you. Meanwhile, that you may know something about me, I will give you a sketch of my life," &c.

Here followed the sketch.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

Every reader with a moderate share of imagination, will easily comprehend the electrical effect of such a letter on a poor prisoner, especially on one of a character far from savage, and of an affectionate heart. My first feeling was to become attached to this unknown individual, to pity his misfortunes, to be grateful for the good-will that he manifested to me. Yes, I exclaimed, I accept thy proposition, generous man! Would that my letters could bring thee a consolation equal to that which thine are about to give me; to what thy first has given already!

I perused and re-perused this letter with a childish joy, and blessed a hundred times the hand that wrote it; each of his expressions seemed to reveal a pure and noble soul.

It was sunset; my hour of prayer. Oh, what perceptions I had of God! How I thanked Him for always finding some new means to prevent the powers of my mind and heart from languishing! How much the memory of all His precious gifts revived in me!

I was standing at my window with my arms passed between the bars and my hands clasped; below me was the Church of St. Mark; and a multitude of wild pigeons were caressing each other, flitting about, and making their nests upon its leaden roof. The most magnificent heavens spread out before me: I overlooked all that part of Venice which was visible from my prison; a far-off murmur of human voices struck sweetly upon my ear. In that sad but imposing place I communed with Him whose eyes alone beheld me. I commended to Him my father, my mother, and, one after the other, everybody that was dear to me; and He seemed to return me this answer: "Trust in my goodness!" and I exclaimed, "In thy goodness I put my trust!" And I finished my prayer moved and comforted, and regardless of the bites which the gnats had joyously given me in the meantime.

This evening, as my imagination began to grow calm after so great an exaltation; as the insects became insupportable, and I felt the

necessity of covering my face and hands, a vile and malicious thought came into my head and made me shudder. I tried to shake it off, but in vain.

Tremerello had hinted an infamous suspicion in respect to Zanze; that she had been there for the purpose of spying out my secrets. She! that candid soul! who knew not a word of politics, nor desired to know.

To doubt her was impossible, but I asked myself: "Am I equally certain of Tremerello? If this knave were the instrument of some villainous plot? . . . If this letter were a fabrication, by I know not whom, to induce me to make important disclosures to a new friend? . . . Perhaps this pretended prisoner who writes to me, does not even exist; . . . perhaps he exists, and is a traitor, who is trying to get possession of the secrets of another to purchase his own safety by revealing them . . . perhaps he is a man of honor; well, but then the traitor is Tremerello, who is trying to ruin both of us, to obtain an addition to his salary."

Oh! frightful thing, but too natural for one who groans in prison, to dread hatred and knavery from all quarters.

These doubts tormented and discouraged me. No, with respect to Zanze, I could never entertain them for a moment. Nevertheless, since Tremerello dropped that word in relation to her, I was tortured by half a doubt, not of her, but of those who let her come into my room. Had they from their own zeal or by the order of a superior, imposed on her the duty of a spy? Ah! if it were, how badly were they served!

But what was I to do with the letter of the unknown? Follow the severe and narrow counsels of that fear which bears the name of prudence? Give back the letter to Tremerello, and say to him, "I do not wish to risk my tranquillity?" . . . And what if there was no snare? If the unknown was a man most worthy of my friendship, most worthy that I should risk something to soften the anguish of solitude? Coward! You stand perhaps not two steps from the scaffold, the fatal sentence may be pronounced at any day, and would you refuse to do a last act of love? I must . . . I must reply! . . . But if, unhappily, this correspondence should be discovered, although no one, in conscience, can make a crime of it, will not a dreadful punishment fall, nevertheless, upon poor Tremerello? Is not this consideration sufficient to impose it upon me as a duty to decline any clandestine correspondence? . . .

CHAPTER XXXV.

I was agitated all the evening, and did not shut my eyes during the night; in the midst of so many uncertainties I knew not what to decide.

At day-break I leaped from my bed, sprang to the window, and prayed. In cases of difficulty, it is needful to ask the guidance of God with confidence, to listen to His inspirations, and follow them.

I did so; and after a long prayer, I descended, brushed off the gnats, passed my hands softly over my cheeks covered with bites, and my resolution was taken: to make known to Tremerello my apprehension that the correspondence might turn against him; renounce it, if he hesitated, and accept it, if this fear did not deter him.

I walked until I heard some one humming the tune, *Sognai, &c.* Tremerello was bringing my coffee.

I told him my scruples and spared nothing to arouse his fear. I found him firm in the wish to serve, as he said, *two signors so accomplished.* This was quite a contrast with his rabbit face, and the name of Tremerello, which we gave him. Well! I also remained firm.

"I will leave you my wine," said I; "furnish me the paper necessary for this correspondence, and be sure that if I hear the noise of keys without your song, I will instantly destroy every illegal article."

"Here is a sheet of paper now; I will always give you as many as you want, and trust entirely to your prudence."

I burned my mouth in swallowing my coffee too hastily. Tremerello went away, and I sat down to write.

Did I do right? and was the resolution that I had taken truly an inspiration of God? Was it not rather a triumph of my natural intrepidity, which leads me to prefer what pleases me, at painful sacrifices?—a proud complaisance, excited by the esteem that the unknown manifested for me, mingled with the fear of appearing pusillanimous, if I should prefer a prudent silence to a somewhat perilous correspondence?

How was I to resolve these doubts? I imparted them with candor to my companion in captivity, in my answer to him; adding, nevertheless, that in my opinion, when any one thinks he acts from good motives, and without manifest repugnance of conscience, he should not be afraid of committing a fault; that he should likewise reflect with all seriousness upon what we were about to undertake, and tell me frankly what reasons he had either for confidence or apprehension in coming to his determination; that if, upon second thought, he judged the attempt too rash, we ought to forego the consolation promised us by this correspondence, and content ourselves with having become known to each other by this interchange of a few words, the indelible tokens of an elevated friendship.

I wrote four pages glowing with the most sincere affection. I told him briefly the cause of my imprisonment; I spoke with an outpouring of heart, of my family, and of some other intimate friends, and I endeavored to lay open to him the very depths of my soul.

My letter was conveyed in the evening. Not having slept the preceding night, I was very much fatigued; sleep did not wait to be invoked, and the next morning, I awoke refreshed, cheerful and palpitating at the sweet thought of receiving, perhaps in a moment, the reply of my friend.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

The reply came with my coffee. I threw myself on the neck of Tremerello, and said to him with tenderness: "God reward you for such an act of charity!" My suspicions in regard to him, as well as the unknown, had vanished, I can hardly tell why; because they were odious to me; because, having the prudence never to speak inconsiderately of politics, they appeared useless; because, though an admirer of the genius of Tacitus, I have, nevertheless, very little faith in the justice of those precepts of his that lead us to see everything in black.

Julian (so my correspondent signed himself), commenced his letter with a courteous preamble, declaring himself free from apprehension in relation to the projected correspondence. Then he rallied me on my hesitation, cautiously at first, yet afterwards with something of sharpness. At length, after an eloquent eulogium on frankness, he begged I would pardon him if he could not conceal from me the dissatisfaction which he had felt in observing in me *a certain scrupulous hesitation, a certain Christian refinement of conscience which could not be reconciled with sound philosophy.*

"I shall always esteem you," he added, "even if we should not agree on this point, but the sincerity I profess, obliges me to tell you that I am of no religion; that I abhor all; that I take, *from modesty*, the name of Julian, because that good emperor was the enemy of Christians, though, in reality, I go much further than he. The crowned Julian believed in a God, and had certain bigotries peculiar to himself. For my part I have none; I do not believe in God; to me, all virtue consists in truth, and those who seek for it, and in hating whatever displeases me."

And, continuing in this manner, he offered reasons for nothing; he inveighed right and left against Christianity; praised, with a pompous energy, the superiority of virtue without religion; and then, in a style half serious half jesting, he launched into a eulogy of the emperor Julian, on account of his apostacy and *his philanthropic efforts* to eradicate all traces of the Gospel from the earth.

Fearing then, lest he had too rudely attacked my opinions, he again asked my pardon, and declaimed against the so frequent want of sincerity. He repeated his extreme desire of keeping up an intercourse with me, and closed with the usual salutation. In a postscript he added: "I have no scruples but that of not being sufficiently frank. I cannot conceal from you that I suspect the Christian language which you hold to me is feigned. I hope it sincerely. In that case, throw aside the mask; I have given you the example."

I know not how to express the strange effect which this letter produced upon me. While reading the first lines, my heart palpitated like that of a lover; then a hand of ice seemed to grasp it. That sarcasm about the tenderness of my conscience offended me. I repented having entered into communication with such a man; I, who have so much contempt for cynicism, who believe it the most anti-philosophical and degrading of all tendencies; who am so little imposed on by arrogance!

When I had read the last word, I took the letter between the thumb and finger of one hand and the thumb and finger of the other, and raising the left hand, I brought the right one rapidly down, in such a manner, that each remained in possession of half the letter.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

I looked at the two pieces and meditated for a moment upon the inconstancy of human things and the falsity of their appearances. A moment ago, so ardent a desire for this letter, and now I tear it with indignation! A moment ago, so sweet a presentiment of a new friendship with this companion in misfortune, such a perfect persuasion of mutual consolation to be derived from it, such a disposition to bestow upon him my warmest affections, and now, I call him insolent!

I put the two pieces one upon the other, and placing them again as at first, between the thumb and finger of one hand and the thumb and finger of the other, I proceeded to raise the left hand and bring the right rapidly down.

I was going to repeat the same operation, when one of the four pieces fell from my hand; I stooped to pick it up, and during the short time of stooping down and rising up, I changed my purpose and conceived the desire of reading again this arrogant letter.

I sat down and fitted together the four pieces upon my bible, and read them the second time. Leaving them in that state, I walked my room, and then read them over again, making in the meanwhile these reflections:

If I make him no reply, he will believe that I am annihilated and confounded, that I dare not appear again in the presence of such a Hercules. Let us answer him, and make him see that we do not fear to confront our doctrines with his own; let us show him, in a proper manner, that it was no cowardice to mature our counsels, to hesitate when a dangerous step was in contemplation, and more dangerous for others than ourselves. Let him learn that true courage consists not in sporting with conscience; that true dignity dwells not in pride. Let us demonstrate to him the reasonableness of Christianity, and the powerless logic of incredulity. Besides, if this Julian manifests opinions so opposite to mine, if he does not spare pungent sarcasms, if he takes so little pains to captivate my affections, is it not a proof, at least, that he is not a spy? And still, could it not be a refinement of art to apply the lash rudely upon my self-love?—Yet no, I cannot believe it. I am malicious, because, feeling offended at his bold jests, I would like to persuade myself that he who launched them must be the vilest of men. Base malignity, that I have so many times condemned in others, depart from my heart! No, Julian is what he is, and nothing more; insolent, but not a spy. . . And have I indeed the right to give the name of *insolence* to what he calls *frankness*. . . Behold thy humility, O hypocrite! It is sufficient that any person, by an error of judgment, maintains false opinions and turns thy faith into ridicule; at

once thou arrogatest the right of abusing him. God knows if that fierce humility and malevolent zeal in the heart of a Christian are not worse than the bold frankness of this unbeliever! . . Perhaps he needs but a single ray of grace to turn this energetic love of truth into a piety more solid than my own. . . Had I not better pray for him than to get angry and think myself better than he? . . . Who knows if, while I was furiously tearing his letter, he was not reading over mine with a mild benevolence; if he did not reckon upon my goodness, in believing me incapable of being offended at the freedom of his language! . . . Who is the most guilty, one who loves and says: "I am not a Christian," or one who says; "I am a Christian," and does not love? . . . It is difficult to know a man well, even after living with him long years, and would I judge him from a single letter? Among so many chances, may it not be possible, that this man, without acknowledging it to himself, is not quite at peace in his atheism, and for that reason he provokes me to the combat, in the secret hope of being forced to yield? Oh! if it were so; O! great God! in whose hands the most unworthy instrument can become powerful, choose me, choose me for this work! Dictate to me such powerful and holy arguments as may convince this unfortunate man, as may lead him to bless thee, and teach him that, away from thee, there is no virtue which is not a contradiction.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

I TORE into smaller fragments the four parts of the letter, but without any feeling of anger; I went to the window, extended my hand, and stayed to watch the fate of the little bits of paper thus given to the wind. Some lodged upon the leads of the church, others gyrated a long time in the air and fell to the ground. I saw them dispersed in such a manner that there was no danger that any one could re-unite them and penetrate the mystery.

I wrote afterwards to Julian, and took especial care neither to be, nor to appear, offended.

I rallied him upon his fear that I should carry my tenderness of conscience to a degree incompatible with philosophy, and begged that, in that respect at least, he would suspend his judgment. I applauded the profession of candor that he made, I assured him that he would find me equal to himself in that respect, and added, that to give him a proof of it, I appointed myself the champion of Christianity; "well persuaded," said I, "that if I am always ready to listen amicably to your opinions, you will have the liberality to hear mine in patience.

This defence, I purposed to make little by little, and in the meanwhile commenced it by a faithful analysis of the essence of Christianity:—The worship of God stripped of superstition, brotherly love between men, a constant aspiration after virtue, humility without abjectness, dignity without pride; for a model a God-man! What more philosophic and more grand?

I then designed to demonstrate how so great wisdom was more or less feebly manifested to those who, with the light of reason, sought after truth, but had never been universally diffused; how, at the coming of our Divine Master upon earth, it gave a striking testimony of itself, by means, humanly speaking, the most feeble. What the greatest philosophers could not effect—the overthrow of idolatry and the general teaching of brotherly love—a few untaught messengers accomplished. Then the emancipation of slaves became more frequent, and finally, there appeared a civilisation without slaves; a state of society which the ancient philosophers believed impossible.

A review of the history of the world since Jesus Christ, was to show how the religion founded by him was always found adapted to all possible grades of civilisation. It was false, therefore, that, civilisation continuing to advance, the Gospel would not be in harmony with it.

I wrote in very small characters, and at considerable length. I could not, however, proceed very far, because my paper failed me. I read and reviewed my introduction, and it seemed to me well done. There was not a single phrase indicative of resentment for the sarcasms of Julian, whilst expressions of goodwill abounded in it; my heart, now fully brought back to toleration, had dictated them.

I sent the letter, and the following morning I awaited the response with anxiety.

Tremerello came and said:

"The gentleman was not able to write, but he prays you to continue your pleasantry."

"Pleasantry!" I exclaimed. "He could not have said *pleasantry!* you must have misunderstood him."

Tremerello shrugged up his shoulders: "I must have misunderstood him!"

"What! you really believe he said *pleasantry?*"

"As much as I believe that I hear this moment the bell of St. Mark." (It was then ringing.) I drank my coffee in silence.

"But tell me, had the gentleman read the whole of my letter?"

"I imagine so; because he laughed, laughed like a fool, and made of the letter a ball which he tossed into the air, and when I told him not to forget to destroy it, he destroyed it at once."

"Very well."

I returned my coffee-cup to Tremerello, telling him that it was plain the coffee had been made by Siora Bettina.

"Did you find it bad, sir?"

"Detestable."

"Yet I made it myself, and can assure you that I made it strong and there were no dregs in the bottom."

"I have perhaps a bad mouth."

CHAPTER XXXIX.

I WALKED and scolded the whole morning. "What sort of man is this Julian? Why call my letter a pleasantry? Why laugh and play ball with it? Why not even a single line of answer? That is the way with all infidels! Feeling the weakness of their doctrines if any one takes the trouble to confront them, they do not listen, they laugh, they affect a superiority of understanding that has no need to examine anything. The wretches! And when has there ever been a philosophy without investigation, without seriousness? If it is true that Democritus was always laughing, he was a buffoon. But I deserve it; why undertake this correspondence? That I deceived myself for a moment was excusable; but when I saw that he was becoming insolent, was I not a fool to write to him again?

I was resolved to write to him no more. At dinner, Tremerello took my wine, poured it into a flask, and putting it into his pocket, "Oh! I recollect," said he, "I have some paper here for you." And he gave it to me.

He departed, while I, fixing my eyes on the blank paper, felt the temptation to write to Julian for the last time, and take leave of him with a good lesson upon the meanness of insolence.

"Excellent temptation!" said I afterwards, "to render him scorn for scorn! to make him hate Christianity still more, by showing him that I, a Christian, am full of pride and intolerance! No, it must not be; we must cease this correspondence altogether. But if I stop so abruptly, will he not equally say that I did so from pride and intolerance? I must write to him once more, and without bitterness. But if I can write without bitterness, will it not be better to appear ignorant of his sarcasms and the name of *pleasantry* which he has bestowed on my letter? Will it not be better to continue in candor my apology of Christianity? I reflected a little, and at length fixed upon this course.

In the evening I sent my packet, and on the following morning received a few lines of thanks, extremely cold, without any biting expressions, but also without the least sign of approbation, or of invitation to continue.

This billet displeased me, nevertheless I resolved to proceed.

My thesis could not be briefly discussed; I

made it the subject of five or six long letters, to each of which he returned me a laconic answer of thanks accompanied with some declamations foreign to the question; sometimes imprecating his enemies, sometimes laughing at his own imprecations, saying that it was natural for the strong to oppress the weak, that he regretted but one thing, that he was not one of the strong; at other times he confided to me his loves, and the empire which they exercised upon his tortured imagination.

Nevertheless, at my last letter upon Christianity, he said that he was preparing a long answer. I waited more than a week, and during that time, he entertained me each day with other matters, generally obscene subjects. I begged him to recollect the answer he owed me, and recommended to him to apply his mind to weigh alternately all the reasons I had given him.

He answered me somewhat angrily, lavishing upon himself the titles of *philosopher, a man settled in his principles, a man who had no need of reflecting so much to comprehend that glow-worms are not lanterns;* and began again to speak merrily of some scandalous adventures.

CHAPTER XL.

I BORE it with patience, that I might not draw upon myself the epithets of *bigot* and *intolerant*, and because I did not despair that after this fever of erratic buffooneries, there would come a period of reflection. In the meanwhile, I did not hide from him how much I disapproved of his disrespect for women, his profane manner of treating love; and I pitied the unfortunate creatures that he said had been his victims.

He pretended to give little credit to my disapprobation, and repeated; "Though you talk about immorality, I am certain that you are amused by my recitals; all men love pleasure as well as myself, but they have not the frankness to acknowledge it openly. I will speak of it so much that I shall enchant you, and you will feel obliged, in conscience, to applaud me."

But from week to week he ceased not these infamous stories, and I, ever hoping at each letter to find a different subject, and allowing myself to be led on by curiosity, read all; and my mind, without being already corrupted, remained at least disturbed, and remote from noble and holy thoughts. The conversation of degraded men produces degradation, unless a man has virtue far above ordinary; far above mine.

"Behold yourself punished for your presumption!" said I to myself. "See what is gained by wishing to act the missionary without his sacred character!"

One day, I decided to write to him these words; "I have forced myself hitherto to call your attention to other subjects, and you always send me back stories which, I have frankly told you, were disagreeable to me. If it suits you to speak of more worthy things we will continue our correspondence; otherwise, let us shake hands and each one keep to himself."

I was two days without an answer, and at first was glad of it. "O blessed solitude!" I exclaimed, "how much less bitter art thou than a conversation discordant and degrading! Instead of torturing myself with reading indecent recitals, instead of fatiguing myself to no purpose by opposing to them the expression of sentiments which honor humanity, I will resume my conversation with God, with the dear remembrance of my family and my true friends. I will recommence the reading of the Bible more attentively, the writing of my thoughts on the table, in order to study the depths of my heart and try to improve it; and the tasting of the sweets of an innocent melancholy a thousand times preferable to the images of mirth and impiety."

Every time that Tremerello entered my prison, he said: "No answer yet."

"Very well," I replied.

The third day, he said: "Mr. N. N. is rather unwell."

"What is the matter?"

"He does not say, but is always stretched upon his bed; he neither eats nor drinks, and is in a bad humor."

I was affected at the thought that he was suffering and had nobody to console him.

From my lips, or rather from my heart, escaped these words; "I will write him two lines."

"I will carry them this evening," said Tremerello; and he retired.

I was somewhat embarrassed on sitting down to my table. Am I doing right to renew this correspondence? Did I not just now bless my solitude as a newly found treasure? What fickleness, then, is mine! And yet the unfortunate man neither eats nor drinks; surely he is sick. Is this the moment to forsake him? My last note was bitter; it may have contributed to afflict him. Perhaps, in spite of our different ways of seeing, he would never have broken off our friendship. My billet may have seemed to him more ill-natured than it was; he may have taken it for a rupture absolute and contemptuous.

CHAPTER XLI.

I WROTE a note in these terms:

"I learn that you are not well, and am much grieved at it. I should like to be near you with all my heart, to be able to perform for you all the offices of friendship. I hope your indisposition has been the only cause of your silence during the last three days. Could you have been offended at my note the other day? I wrote it, I assure you, without the least ill-will, and with the single design of leading you to more serious subjects of conversation. If you are not in a condition to write, send me only precise news of your health: I will write you each day some little thing to divert you and remind you that I wish you well."

Never could I have expected the answer which he returned to me. It commenced thus: "I withdraw from you my friendship; if you have no occasion for mine, I have none for yours. I am not a man to pardon offences; when once rejected, I am not a man to be reconciled. Because you know that I am sick, you make hypocritical advances to me, in the hope that my sickness, by enfeebling my understanding, may dispose me to listen to your preaching." He continued in the same tone, abusing me with violence, ridiculing me, caricaturing all that I had said upon religion and morality, declaring his determination to live and die always the same; that is, in the greatest hatred and the most utter contempt of all philosophy differing from his own.

I remained stupefied.

"Pretty conversions I make," said I, with grief, and shuddering. "God is witness of the purity of my intentions!—No, I have not merited these taunts!—Well, patience; it is one disenchantment more. Let such a fellow alone, if he fancies offences to himself, to have the pleasure of not pardoning them. I am not obliged to do more than I have done."

However, after some days, my indignation subsided, and I thought that this mad letter might have been the fruit of a transient excitement. "Perhaps he is already ashamed of it," said I, "but is too proud to acknowledge his fault. Will it not be a generous act, now that he has had time to become calm, to write to him again?"

It cost me much to make such a sacrifice of self-love, but I made it. He who humbles himself without a base object, does not degrade himself, whatever unjust scorn may ensue.

I received in reply a letter less violent, but not less insulting. The implacable man said he admired my evangelical moderation.

"Let us then," he proceeded, "resume our correspondence; but let us speak out clearly. We do not like each other. We will write, each for his own amusement, casting freely upon paper all that comes into our heads: you, your seraphic imaginations, and I, my blasphemies; you, your ecstacies upon the dignity of man and woman; I, the ingenuous narrative of my profanations; I, hoping to convert you, and you, to convert me. Answer me if this compact pleases you."

I replied; "What you propose is not a compact, but a mockery. I felt an abundance of good-will for you. Conscience obliges me no further, than to wish you all happiness in this life and the next."

Thus ended my secret correspondence with this man—who knows, less wicked, perhaps, than soured by misfortune, and exasperated by despair?

CHAPTER XLII.

Once more I sincerely blessed my solitude, and for some time again my days passed by without incident.

Summer was ended; and in the latter part of September the heat diminished. October came; and then I was glad that I had a room which in winter would be a good one. But lo! one morning the jailer told me he had orders to change my prison.

"Where do I go?"

"A few steps, into a cooler chamber."

"And why not think of that when I was dying of heat, when the air was alive with insects, and my bed filled with bugs?"

"The order did not come before."

"Patience! Come on."

Although I had suffered much in this prison, it gave me pain to leave it, not only because it must necessarily be excellent in the cold season, but for many other reasons. There were those ants that I loved and nourished with, I might almost say, paternal care, if the expression were not ridiculous. A few days before, the dear spider, of which I have already spoken, had emigrated, I know not why; but I said to myself, "Who knows whether she will not remember me and return? And now that I am leaving it, if she returns, she will find the room empty, or if she finds a new inmate, he will be, perhaps, an enemy of spiders, and with his slipper will brush away this beautiful web, and crush the poor animal. Besides, has not this gloomy prison been embellished by the pity of Zanze? Upon this window she so often leaned and generously let fall crumbs of bread for my ants. There, she was accustomed to sit; here, she told me such a story; there, such another; and there, she bent over my table, while her tears flowed!

The room to which I was removed, was also under the leads; but it had two windows, one to the north and the other to the west, the abode of perpetual damps, and horribly cold during the rigorous months of winter.

The window on the west was very large; that on the north was small, and situated above my bed.

I went to the first and saw that it looked upon the palace of the patriarch. Other prisons were also near mine, in a wing of small extent upon the right, and in a projection of the edifice which stood in front. In this projection were two prisons, one above the other. The lower one had an enormous window, through which I saw a man walking within, richly dressed. It was Signor Caporali di Cesena. He perceived me, made some signs, and we gave each other our names.

I wished then to examine where my other window looked to. I placed the table upon the bed, and upon the table, a chair, and having climbed up, I found myself on a level with a part of the roof of the palace, beyond which appeared a beautiful part of the city and the lagune.*

I stopped to contemplate this fine view; and hearing my door open, I did not move. It was the jailer; who, seeing me mounted so high, and forgetting that I could not, like a mouse, pass through the bars, thought that I was trying to escape. In the first moment of his trouble, and in spite of a gout in the hip which tormented him, he sprang upon the bed and caught me by the legs, screaming like an eagle.

"But," said I, "do you not see, you old dunce, that these bars prevent my escape? Do you not understand that I climbed up here from mere curiosity?"

* Lagune is the name given to the channels formed by the sea, at Venice.

"I see, sir, I see; I understand . . . but come down, I tell you, come down; there are so many temptations to escape."

I was obliged to come down; and did so, laughing.

CHAPTER XLIII.

At the windows of the lateral prisons, I recognized six other persons confined for political reasons.

Here, then, at the moment when I was preparing myself for a solitude greater than before, I found myself in a sort of world. At first, I was discontented—whether my long, hermit-like seclusion had already made my disposition unsocial, or the unpleasant issue of my relations with Julian had made me distrustful.

Nevertheless, the little conversation that we had together, partly by words, partly by signs, soon appeared to me beneficial, if not as a stimulant to cheerfulness, at least, as an amusement. I never said a word to any one of my relations with Julian; we had both given our word of honor that the secret should remain buried with us. If I speak of it in these pages, it is because those whose eyes they may meet, whoever they are, will not be able to conjecture, who, out of so many wretches confined in these prisons, took the name of Julian.

To these new acquaintances above-mentioned, among my fellow-prisoners, was added another, which was also very pleasant.

From my large window, I saw beyond the projection of the prison in front, a long extent of roofs surmounted with chimneys, terraces, steeples, cupolas, which faded away in the perspective of the sea and sky. In the house nearest to me, which formed a wing of the patriarchal mansion, dwelt a good family, who acquired a right to my gratitude, by manifesting to me, through signs, the pity with which I inspired them. A bow, a word of love to the unhappy, is a great charity!

At first, from a window of this house, a little child of nine or ten years old, raised his little hands towards me, and I heard him cry out:

"Mamma, mamma! they have put a prisoner up yonder in the *leads!* Poor prisoner, who are you?"

"I am Silvio Pellico," I replied.

Another boy, a little larger, ran also to the window, and shouted:

"You are Silvio Pellico."

"Yes, and you, dear children?"

"I am called Antonio S——, and my brother, Giuseppe."

Then he turned round and said; "What else must I ask him?"

And a lady, whom I supposed to be their mother, standing half concealed, suggested kind words to the dear children, which they repeated to me, and I thanked them with the most lively tenderness.

These conversations were a small matter, and it behooved us not to carry them too far, lest the jailer might call to us. But each day, morning, noon and evening, they were repeated, to my great consolation. When the candles were lighted, the lady closed the window, and the boys shouted: "Good night, Silvio!" And she, emboldened by the obscurity, repeated in a voice of emotion: "Good night, Silvio! Courage!"

When the children were at breakfast or luncheon, they said to me: "Oh, if we could give you some of our coffee and milk! Oh, if we could give you some of our cakes! The day you gain your liberty, remember to come and see us! We will give you some cakes, good and warm, and so many kisses!"

CHAPTER XLIV.

The month of October brought with it the most dismal of my anniversaries. I had been arrested on the 13th of this month of the year preceding. Several other sad remembrances recurred in connection with this month. Two years before, in October, a man of merit,

whom I much esteemed, was, by a fatal accident, drowned in the Tecino. In October, three years before, Odoardo Briche, a young man whom I loved as if he had been my son, killed himself involuntarily with a musket. In my boyhood, another grievous affliction had befallen me in October.

Although I was not superstitious, this gloomy concurrence of remembrances so tragical, filled me with sadness.

While conversing from my window with these children and my companions in captivity, I feigned cheerfulness, but scarcely re-entered into my den, an inexpressible load of grief weighed down my soul.

I took my pen to compose some verses, or to apply myself to some other literary occupation, and an irresistible force seemed to constrain me to write some totally different thing. What? Long letters that I could not send; long letters to my dear family, in which I poured out all my heart. I wrote them upon the table and then scraped them off. They were filled with warm expressions of tenderness, and remembrances of the happiness I had enjoyed with my parents, and brothers and sisters, so indulgent and so loving. The violent longings that I felt to see them, stirred up within me an infinity of sweet affections. After having written hours and hours, there always remained other feelings to be unfolded.

This was to repeat my biography under a new form, and to create for myself an illusion by reviewing the past, and forcibly fix my eyes upon that happy time that was no more. But, O God! how many times, after drawing a most lively picture of one of the happiest passages of my life, after exciting my imagination to such a degree as to believe myself with the persons to whom I was talking, all at once I have recollected the present, dropped my pen and shuddered with horror! Moments truly fearful were these! I had already experienced them before, but never with such convulsions as then assailed me.

I attributed these convulsions, and these horrible mental sufferings, to the excessive excitement of my feelings, occasioned by the epistolary form which I gave to these writings, by addressing them to individuals so dear to me.

I tried to do something else, and could not; I wished at least to abandon the epistolary form, but could not. As soon as I took my pen and commenced writing, it always resulted in a letter full of tenderness and grief.

"Am I no longer a free agent?" said I; "is not this necessity of doing what I would not, a disorder of my brain? This never happened before. It might have been explained in the early part of my imprisonment, but now that I am used to the life of a prison; now that my imagination ought to be calm in all respects; now that my mind is so much nourished by philosophical and religious reflection, how am I becoming the slave of the blind desires of my heart, and growing so childish? Let us apply ourselves to something else."

Then I sought to pray, or to dive into the study of the German language. Vain efforts! I discovered myself in the act of writing a new letter.

CHAPTER XLV.

Such a state was a real malady; I do not know whether I ought not to call it a species of somnambulism. It was, doubtless, the effect of great weariness produced by watching and tension of mind.

The evil went further: my nights passed constantly without sleep and generally feverish. It was in vain that I ceased to take coffee; my sleeplessness was the same. There seemed to be in me two men, one always wishing to write letters, and the other to do something else. "Well," said I, "let us combine the two; still write letters, but write them in German; by that means, we shall learn the language."

Henceforth, I wrote everything in bad German; in this manner, I made at least some progress in that study.

In the morning, after long watching, my weary head fell into a kind of stupor. Then,

in my dreams, or rather in my delirium, I thought I saw my father, my mother, or others that I loved, giving way to despair on account of my fate. I heard their piteous sobbings, and immediately awoke, frightened and sobbing also.

Sometimes, during these brief dreams, I seemed to hear my mother consoling the others, and entering my prison with them, and addressing most holy words to me upon the duty of resignation; and when I was most rejoiced at her fortitude, and that of the rest, all at once she burst into tears, and they all wept together. No one can express what was then the anguish of my soul.

To escape from so much misery, I tried the plan of not going to bed at all; I kept the light burning the whole night, and remained at my table reading and writing. But what! There came a moment when I read perfectly awake, but without understanding anything, my head having absolutely no power to collect its ideas. Then I copied something, but copied while thinking of everything but that which I was writing; thinking of my afflictions.

Yet if I lay down, it was still worse; no position was supportable: I was disturbed with convulsive agitations, and was soon obliged to get up; or if I slumbered a little, those despairing dreams made me worse than remaining awake.

My prayers were dry, and nevertheless I repeated them often; not with superfluity of words, but an ejaculation to God—to that God-made man, who experienced all the sufferings of humanity.

During these horrible nights, my imagination sometimes became so excited that, although awake, I seemed to hear, at one time, groans in my prison; at other times, stifled laughter. From my infancy up, I had never believed in sorcerers or spirits, and now these laughs and groans terrified me. I knew not how to account for them, and was constrained to doubt whether I was not the sport of some mysterious and malignant powers.

Many times I seized the light with a trembling hand, and saw if nobody was concealed under my bed, to mock me. Often the suspicion occurred to me, that I had been removed from my room and transferred to this, because there was some trap or some secret aperture in the wall, from which these swaggerers could spy out all I did, and cruelly divert themselves by terrifying me.

When I was seated at my table, some one seemed now to pluck me by the coat, now to have given a push to a book that fell to the earth: again, I thought somebody came behind me, and blew my candle to put it out. Then I sprung to my feet, looked around, walked the room with suspicion, and asked myself whether I was mad or in my senses; for of those things that I heard and saw, I no longer knew what was reality or illusion, and cried out, in anguish, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?"

CHAPTER XLVI.

On one occasion, having gone to bed a little before the dawn of day, I felt perfectly sure of having put my handkerchief under my pillow. After a moment's slumber, I awoke as usual, and imagined they were strangling me. I perceived that my neck was tightly bound. Strange affair! It was bound with my own handkerchief, closely tied, with many knots. I would have sworn that I had not made those knots, that I had not touched my handkerchief since I placed it under my pillow. I must have done it in a dream or a fit of delirium, without retaining any memory of it; but I could not believe it; and from that time forth I had an apprehension each night of being strangled.

I am aware how ridiculous such follies must appear to others: but to me, who experienced them, they caused so much harm, that I shudder at them still.

They vanished every morning; and whilst the daylight lasted, I felt my mind so much strengthened against these terrors, that it seemed impossible that I could ever suffer them again. But at sunset I commenced

shuddering again, and each night brought back the foolish extravagances of the preceding.

The greater my weakness was in the dark, the more vigorous were my efforts during the day, to appear cheerful in conversation with my companions, the two children of the patriarchal mansion, and my jailers. No one hearing me joke as I did, would have imagined the miserable infirmity to which I was subject. By these efforts I hoped to fortify myself; but they availed nothing. These nocturnal visions, that in the day I called foolish illusions, returned at evening, for me, frightful realities.

If I had dared, I would have petitioned the commission to change my room, but was unable to make up my mind to it, for fear of being laughed at.

All reasonings, all resolutions, all studies, and all prayers being useless, the horrible idea of being wholly and for ever forsaken of God took possession of me.

All the wicked sophisms against Providence, which, in a state of reason a few weeks before, appeared so absurd, now came to roar in my head like a wild beast, and seemed to me worthy of attention.

I struggled for some time against these temptations, then abandoned myself to them.

I disowned the goodness of religion; and said, as I had heard the most furious atheist say, and as Julian lately wrote to me, "Religion is good for nothing but to enfeeble the mind." I had the hardihood to believe, that by renouncing God, my mind would recover its forces. Mad confidence! I denied God, and did not know how to deny the existence of those invisible and mischievous beings that seemed to surround me, and feed upon my grief.

What terms can describe this torment? Is it sufficient to call it a disease? or was it at the same time a chastisement from Heaven to humble my pride, and teach me, that without special light I might become an unbeliever like Julian, and even more foolish than he?

However it may be, God delivered me from so great an evil, at a moment when I least expected it. One morning, after taking my coffee, I was seized with violent vomitings and colic. I thought I was poisoned. After the fatigues of vomiting, I was all in perspiration, and went to bed. Towards noon I went to sleep, and slept peacefully until evening.

I awoke, surprised at so great a rest; and feeling no further want of sleep, I got up. "When up," said I, "I shall be stronger against my accustomed terrors."

But the terrors came not. I rejoiced at it, and in the fulness of my gratitude, returning to God, I cast myself upon the ground to adore Him, and to demand His pardon for having denied Him many days. This effusion of joy exhausted my strength; and, remaining some time upon my knees, leaning upon a chair, I was again seized with drowsiness, and slept in that position.

Then, whether after one or more hours I know not, I half awoke; but scarcely taking time to throw myself, dressed, upon the bed, I slept again until daybreak. I was drowsy the whole day; at night I lay down early, and slept the entire night.

What crisis had taken place in me, I know not, but I was cured.

CHAPTER XLVII.

The nausea which my stomach had suffered for a long time ceased, my headaches disappeared, and then came an extraordinary appetite. My digestion was good, and my strength increased. Wonderful Providence! It had taken away my strength to humble me; it restored it to me because the epoch of condemnations approached, and wished not that I should succumb to their announcement.

On the 24th of November, one of our companions, Doctor Foresti, was taken from the prison of the Leads, and removed, I could not learn where. The jailer, his wife, and the *secondini*, were dejected; but none of them was willing to clear up the mystery.

"Why do you want to know," said Treme-

rello to me, "if there is nothing good to learn? I have already told you too much, too much."

"Come on, why keep it a secret?" said I, shuddering. "Have I not understood you? He is then condemned to death!"

"Who? . . . . he? . . . Doctor Foresti?" . . . .

Tremerello hesitated; but the desire of talking was not the least of his virtues.

"You shall not say afterwards that I am a babbler; I really did not want to open my mouth on these things. Remember that you forced me."

"Yes, yes; I forced you. But come! tell me all. What has happened to poor Foresti?"

"Ah! sir, they have made him pass over the *Bridge of Sighs!* He is in the criminal prisons! Sentence of death has been read to him and two others besides."

"And this sentence will be executed? When? Oh! the unhappy men! And who are the other two?"

"I know nothing more about it—nothing more. The sentences have not yet been made public. It is said in Venice that there will be several commutations of punishment. God grant that the sentence of death may not be executed upon either of them! God grant that if all cannot escape death, you may, at least! I bear to you as much affection—pardon the liberty—as if you were my brother."

And he went away greatly moved. The reader may imagine in what agitation I spent all that day, the following night, and the many other days during which I could find out nothing more.

This uncertainty lasted a month. At length, the sentences relating to the first trials were made public. They affected many persons; nine of whom were condemned to death, and then, by grace, to *carcere duro*—some for twenty years, others for fifteen (and in both cases they were to undergo their punishment in the fortress of Spielberg, near the city of Brünn, in Moravia); others for ten years or less (the latter went to the fortress of Lubiana).

Was this commutation of punishment, granted to all those of the first trial, a proof that death would spare also those of the second? or, had indulgence been extended to the first only, because they had been arrested before the proclamation which had been published against secret societies? And would all the rigors of the law fall upon the second?

"The solution of these doubts cannot be far off," said I. "Thanks be to Heaven that I have time to foresee death and prepare myself for it."

CHAPTER XLVIII.

My only thought was to die like a Christian, and with due courage. I felt a temptation to escape the gibbet by suicide, but it left me. What merit was it not to permit one's self to be choked by the executioner, but to become one's own executioner? To save one's honor? And is it not childishness to suppose it is more honor to cheat the executioner than not to do it, when one is obliged to die? Even had I not been a Christian, suicide, when I reflected upon it, would have appeared a foolish satisfaction, and a useless thing.

"If the term of my life has come," I continued, "am I not fortunate that it comes in such a manner as to allow me time to compose myself, and purify my conscience by desires and penitence worthy of a man? Judging like the vulgar, that of the gibbet is the worst of deaths; but in the judgment of the wise, is not that death preferable to so many others which happen by disease, which, by enfeebling the intellect, leaves no more opportunity for the mind to rise above the grovelling thoughts of earth?"

The justness of such reasoning penetrated my mind so profoundly, that the horror of death, and even of this species of death, was entirely removed from me. I meditated long upon the sacraments which were to strengthen me for the solemn moment, and deemed myself in a condition to receive them with such dispositions as were necessary to experience

their efficacy. Should I have preserved this elevation of soul which I thought I possessed, this peace, this indulgent regard toward those who hated me, this joy of sacrificing my life to the will of God, if I had been led forth to execution? Alas! man is full of contradictions, and when he appears most firm and holy, he may, in an instant, fall into weakness and guilt. Whether I should then have died worthily, God alone knows. I do not think well enough of myself to affirm it.

Meanwhile the probable approach of death so impressed this idea upon my imagination, that to die seemed not only possible, but announced by infallible presentiments. No hope of evading this fate any longer entered my heart, and at every sound of footsteps or of keys, at every opening of my door, I said to myself: "Courage! perhaps they are coming for me to hear my sentence. Let us listen to it with calmness and dignity, and bless the Lord."

I meditated what I should write for the last time to my family, and particularly to my father, to my mother, and to each of my brothers and sisters; and revolving in my mind expressions of love so profound and sacred, I was melted with tenderness; I wept, and those tears did not unnerve my resigned will.

How could my sleeplessness have returned? Yet how different from the former! I no longer heard laughter or groans in my room, nor raved of spirits or men concealed. The night was more delicious to me than the day, because I concentrated myself more in prayer. I usually went to bed at four o'clock, and slept peacefully about two hours. After waking, I remained late in bed to rest, and rose about eleven.

One evening I had lain down a little sooner than usual, and had slept scarcely a quarter of an hour, when, waking suddenly, I saw a brilliant light upon the wall opposite to me. I was afraid I had relapsed into the old delirium; but what I saw was not an illusion. The light came from the little north window, under which I was lying.

I jumped to the floor, took the table and ut it upon the bed, and placing a chair upon it, ascended; and saw one of the most beautiful and terrible spectacles of fire that could be imagined.

It was a grand conflagration, at the distance of a musket-shot from our prison. It broke out at the building containing the public bakeries, which it entirely consumed.

The night was very dark, which rendered more conspicuous the vast globes of flame and smoke, agitated as they were by a furious wind. Sparks flew on all sides, as if they rained from the heavens. The neighboring lagune reflected the fire. A multitude of gondolas went and came. I pictured to myself the alarm and danger of those who dwelt in the burning building and in those adjacent, and sympathized with them. I heard the distant voices of men and women calling to each other: "Tognina! Mormolo! Beppo! Zanze!" Again the name of Zanze rung in my ears! There are thousands of that name in Venice; yet I feared that it might be that one whose memory was so grateful to me. Could the unhappy girl be there! perhaps enveloped in flames? Oh, that I could fly to her rescue!

Panting, shuddering, admiring, I remained at the window till daybreak; then I descended, oppressed with mortal sadness, and fancying the damage much greater than it was. Tremerello informed me that only the bakeries and the stores attached to them, with a considerable quantity of flour in sacks, were burned.

CHAPTER XLIX.

My imagination was still deeply impressed by the sight of this fire, when, a few nights after (I had not yet gone to bed, and was seated at my table, studying, all benumbed with cold), lo! some voices close by me screamed: "*Fire! fire! O blessed Virgin! we are lost!*" They were those of the jailer, his wife, their children, and the *secondini*.

The cold left me in an instant; I sprung to my feet, covered with perspiration, and looked all around, to ascertain if the flames could yet be seen. They could not.

Yet the fire was in the palace itself, in some office-room near the prisons.

One of the *secondini* exclaimed: "Master, if the fire spreads, what shall we do with these gentlemen confined in the *cage?*"

The jailer replied; "I have not the heart to let them burn. Yet I cannot open the prisons without the order of the commission. Come on! run quick and ask permission."

"I am going at once, sir, but the answer will not come in time, depend upon it."

Where now was that heroic resignation which I thought myself so sure of possessing while thinking of death? Why did the idea of being burnt alive throw me into a fever? as if it were more pleasant to be strangled than to be burned! I made this reflection, and was ashamed of my fear; I was about to call to the jailer to open the door to me in charity, but I restrained myself. Nevertheless, I was afraid.

"Behold, then," said I, "what will be my courage, if, escaping from the fire, I am led forth to death! I shall restrain myself, I shall conceal my cowardice from others, but I shall tremble. But . . . is it not courage to feel afraid, yet to act as if we had no fear? Is it not generosity to give voluntarily what we regret to give? Is it not obedience to obey, even when we do it with reluctance?"

The tumult in the house of the jailer was so great, that it indicated the danger to be still increasing. The *secondino* who went to ask permission to bring us out of these places, did not return! At length, I seemed to hear his voice. I listened, but could not distinguish his words. I wait, hope; but in vain! Nobody comes. Can it be possible that they are not allowed to save us from the fire? and if there were no longer any way of escape? If the jailer and his family had hard work to secure their own safety, and nobody else thought of the poor prisoners?

"But," I resumed, "this is neither philosophy nor religion. Had I not better prepare myself to see the flames enter my room and devour me?"

In the meanwhile, the clamor diminished by degrees, and at length I heard it no more. Is this a proof that the fire has stopped? or that all who could, have taken flight, and none remain here but victims abandoned to a cruel death?

The continuation of the silence tranquillized me: I knew that the fire had been extinguished. I went to bed, reproaching myself with the anxiety I had suffered, as a cowardice; and now that there was no longer danger of being burnt, I was sorry that I had not perished in the flames, rather than be put to death, in a few days, by the hand of man.

The next morning I learnt from Tremerello the particulars of the fire, and laughed at the fear that, he said, he had felt, as if my own had not been equal to or greater than his.

CHAPTER L.

On the 11th of January, 1822, about nine in the morning, Tremerello took an opportunity to come to me, and said with much agitation:

"Do you know that in the isle of St. Michael di Murano, a short distance from Venice, there is a prison in which are more than a hundred *carbonari?*"

"You have told me that several times already. Well—what do you want to say? Come, speak. Perhaps some of them have been condemned?"

"Precisely."

"Who?"

"I do not know."

"Can my unhappy Maroncelli be one?"

"Ah! sir, I know not, I know not who they are."

And he went away disturbed and regarding me with a look of compassion.

A little after, the jailer entered, accompanied by the *secondini* and a man whom I had never seen. The jailer appeared confused. The stranger began:

"Signor, the commission have given orders that you should come with me."

"Let us go," I replied. "And you, who are you?"

"I am the keeper of the prisons of St. Michael, whither you are to be transferred."

The jailer of *the Leads* gave up to him my money which he had in his hands. I asked and obtained permission to make some present to the *secondini*. I put my clothes in order, took my Bible under my arm and started. Whilst I was descending the long stairs, Tremerello secretly pressed my hand, as if he would say, "Unhappy man! thou art lost!"

We went out by a gate that looked upon the lagune; where a gondola with two *secondini* of the new jailer awaited our coming.

I entered the gondola agitated by contending emotions—a certain regret at leaving the residence of the *Leads*, where I had suffered much, but where I had formed some attachments, and where I had been loved in return, —the pleasure of finding myself in the open air after so long a period of seclusion, of seeing the heavens, the waters, and the city, without the gloomy, square grate of iron—the remembrance of the joyous gondola, which in happier times bore me upon this same lagune, and of the gondolas of the lake of Como, of Lake Maggiore, and the little boats upon the Po, and those of the Rhone and the Saone. Oh! smiling years, vanished for ever! Who in the world has enjoyed happiness equal to mine?

Born of the tenderest parents, in that condition which is not poverty, and which, holding a middle place between the poor and the rich, affords a facility for gaining a correct knowledge of both these states—a condition which I consider most advantageous for cultivating the affections;—after an infancy cherished by the sweetest cares of home, I had gone to Lyons to live with a cousin of my mother's, very rich and very worthy of his riches. There, all that could serve to enchant a heart formed for elegance and love had delighted the first ardor of my youth. Thence returning into Italy, and settled at Milan with my parents, I had continued to study, and to love society and books, finding everywhere excellent friends and flattering applause. Monti and Foscolo, although enemies to each other, were equally kind to me. I was most attached to the latter; and this man so irascible, whose rudeness gained him so many enemies, was to me all gentleness and cordiality, and I had for him a tender veneration. Other literary men of distinction testified an equal regard for me, and I loved them in return. No envy or calumny ever assailed me, or at least they came from people so low that they could not injure me.

At the fall of the kingdom of Italy, my father had again taken up his residence at Turin with the rest of my family, and I, ever postponing my re-union with these beloved objects, had ended by remaining at Milan, where I was surrounded with so much happiness that I could not induce myself to renounce it.

Among other excellent friends, three in Milan held the highest place in my heart; D. Pietro Borsieri, Monsignore Lodovico di Bresne, and Count Luigi Porro Lambertenghi. To these was added afterwards, the Count Federigo Confalonieri.

Having undertaken the education of the two sons of Porro, I was to them as a father, and to their father as a brother. To that house flowed not only all the cultivated mind which Milan possessed, but a crowd of distinguished travellers. There I became acquainted with Madame de Staël, Schlegel, Davis, Byron, Hobhouse, Brougham, and many other illustrious persons from various parts of Europe. Oh! how the acquaintance of men of merit expands the soul and stimulates it to self-ennoblement! Yes, I was happy! I would not have exchanged my lot for that of a prince! And from a lot so bright, to fall into the hands of jailers, to be dragged from prison to prison, and to end by being strangled, or perish in chains!

CHAPTER LI.

Occupied with these reflections, I arrived at St. Michael, and was locked up in a room which presented a view of a court, the lagune, and the beautiful island of Murano. I inquired after Maroncelli from the jailer, his wife and four *secondini*, but they made me short

visits, full of distrust, and would tell me nothing.

Nevertheless, where there are five or six persons, it is rare not to find one inclined to compassion and willing to speak. Such a one I found, and learned what follows:

Maroncelli, after a long, solitary confinement, had been put with the Count Camillo Laderchi; the latter, a few days before, had gone out of prison, having been declared innocent, and Maroncelli was alone once more. Of our companions there had been set at liberty as innocent, Professor Gian-Domenico Romagnosi and Count Giovanni Arrivabene. Captain Rezia and Signore Canova were together, and Professor Ressi lay dying in a prison contiguous to theirs.

"The sentence of those who are not gone, has come, then," said I. "And what are they waiting for, to let us know it? Perhaps till poor Ressi dies, or is in a condition to hear his sentence; is it not so?"

"I believe so."

Every day I inquired after the unfortunate sufferer.

"He has lost his speech;—he has recovered it, but is delirious and comprehends nothing;—he gives a few signs of life; he often spits blood, and is delirious again;—he is worse;—he is better;—he is in agony."

Such were the answers given me for many weeks. At last it was told me one morning: "He is dead!"

I dropped a tear for him, and consoled myself with the thought that he had been ignorant of his condemnation.

On the following day, the 12th of February, 1822, at ten in the morning, the jailer came for me. He conducted me into the hall of the commission and withdrew. The president, the prosecuting officer and two assistant judges were in their seats: they arose.

The president, in an accent of noble commiseration, told me that the sentence had come, that the judgment was terrible, but that it had already been mitigated by the Emperor. The prosecutor read to me the sentence: "Condemned to death." Afterwards the imperial rescript: "The punishment is commuted to fifteen years of *carcere duro* in the fortress of Spielberg."

I answered: "The will of God be done!" It was in truth my intention to receive this terrible blow like a Christian, and neither to show nor to nourish resentment against any one whatever.

The president praised my calmness and counselled me to preserve it always, adding that this resignation might, perhaps, within two or three years, be worthy of a still greater mercy. (Instead of two or three, it was many more.)

The other judges also addressed me with words of kindness and hope. But one of them, who, during my trial had always shown himself most hostile, said to me something polite, which nevertheless seemed cutting. This courtesy seemed to be belied by his looks, in which, I could have sworn, there was a smile of joy and insult.

Now I would no longer swear that it was so; I might very well have been deceived. But then my blood was boiling, and I could scarcely refrain from bursting into a fury. I dissembled, and whilst they praised my Christian patience, I had already secretly lost it.

"To-morrow," said the prosecutor, "it will be our painful duty to announce to you your sentence in public; it is a formality that cannot be dispensed with."

"Be it so," I replied.

"From this moment," he added, "you can enjoy the company of your friend."

And calling the jailer, they again consigned me to him, telling him to put me with Maroncelli.

CHAPTER LII.

What a delicious moment was it for my friend and me to see each other again after a separation of a year and three months, and so many sufferings! The joys of friendship made us for an instant almost forget our condemnation.

Soon, however, I tore myself from his arms to take my pen and write to my father. I ardently desired that the announcement of my sad fate should be communicated to my family by myself rather than by others, in order that the anguish of their loving hearts might be soothed by my language of peace and religious resignation. The judges promised me to despatch this letter as soon as possible.

After this, Maroncelli spoke to me of his trial, and I of mine. We related in turn, our prison adventures, then went to the window and saluted three of our friends who were at theirs; two of them were Canova and Rezia, who were together, the former condemned to six years of *carcere duro*, and the other to three; the third was Doctor Cæsar Aunari, who, during the preceding months, had been my neighbor under the *Leads*. He had not been condemned, and being declared innocent, he soon after left the prison.

Mutual converse formed an agreeable entertainment for us during the whole day and evening. But after we had gone to bed and the light was extinguished, and silence returned, I found it impossible to sleep; my head burned, and my heart bled in thinking of my family. Will my old parents bear up against so great a misfortune? Will their other children be sufficient to console them? They were all as much loved as I, and much more worthy of it; but do a father and mother ever find in the children that remain, a compensation for the one they have lost?

Would that I had thought only of my relations and others who were dear to me. Their remembrance afflicted and softened me. But I thought also of the supposed smile of joy and insult of the judge, of the trial, of the cause of my condemnation, of political passions, of the fate of so many of my friends,—and I was then incapable of judging any of my adversaries with indulgence. God subjected me to a great proof! My duty would have been to sustain it with courage. I could not! I would not! The satisfaction of hating had a charm above the sweets of forgiveness. I passed a night of hell.

In the morning I did not pray. The universe seemed to me the work of a power hostile to goodness. Many times already, I had been the calumniator of God, but I should not have believed that I could become so again, and that too in a few hours! Julian, in his greatest transports of rage, could not have been more impious than I was. Revolving thoughts of hatred, especially when a man is smitten with a grievous misfortune that ought to make him more religious, becomes wicked even when it might have been just. Yes, even when it might have been just; for hatred is impossible without pride. And who art thou, O wretched mortal, to pretend that any of thy equals judge thee severely; to pretend that no one could have injured thee with honest intentions, in the belief that he was acting with justice; to complain if God permits thee to suffer in one way rather than in another?

I felt unhappy not to be able to pray; but where pride reigns, a man finds no other God but himself.

I could have wished to commend my desolate parents to a supreme Comforter, and I no longer believed in him!

CHAPTER LIII.

At nine in the morning Maroncelli and I were placed in a gondola and conducted to the city. We landed at the palace of the Doge, and ascended to the prisons. They put us into a room that had been occupied a few days before by Signor Caporali, who had been transferred, I know not where. Nine or ten *sbirri* were seated there to guard us, and we promenaded the room, awaiting the moment when we should be led to the piazza. The delay was long. The prosecutor did not make his appearance till noon, to announce to us that we must go. The physician came also, and suggested to us to drink a glass of mint-water; we accepted it and were grateful, not so much for that as for the heartfelt compassion that the good old man testified for us. It was Doctor Dosmo. The

chief *sbirro* then came up and put handcuffs upon us, and we followed him attended by the other *sbirri*. In descending the magnificent staircase of the *Giants*, we recalled to mind the Doge Marino Faliéro, decapitated there; we entered the grand portico which leads from the court of the palace to the *Piazzetta*, and arriving there we turned to the left towards the lagune. In the middle of the Piazzetta was the scaffold upon which we were to mount. From the staircase of *Giants* to the scaffold were ranged two files of Austrian soldiers, between whom we passed.

Mounted upon the scaffold, we looked around, and saw an immense crowd of people agitated with terror. In various directions other soldiers were drawn up in the distance. We were told that there were cannons everywhere with their matches lighted.

It was on this Piazzetta in the September of 1820, a month before my arrest, a mendicant had said to me: "This is the place of misfortune."

I recollected this mendicant, and thought to myself: who knows if he is not then also among so many thousands of spectators, and perhaps recognizes me?

The Austrian captain cried out to us to turn towards the palace and look up. We obeyed, and saw upon the balcony an officer of the court with a paper in his hand. It was the sentence. He read it in a loud voice.

Profound silence reigned until he came to these words: "Condemned to death." Then arose a general murmur of compassion. A new silence succeeded, that they might hear the rest of the reading, and a new murmur received the words: "condemned to *carcere duro*, Maroncelli for twenty years, and Pellico for fifteen."

The captain motioned to us to descend. We once more cast a look around us and descended. We re-entered the court, mounted the staircase, and returned to the room whence we had been taken; our handcuffs were removed and we were sent back to St. Michael.

CHAPTER LIV.

Those who were condemned before us had already set out for Lubiana and Spielberg, accompanied by a commissary of police. Now the return of the same commissary was expected, that he might conduct us to our destination. This interval lasted a month.

All my time was there spent in talking and listening to the conversation of others to divert my mind. Maroncelli moreover read me his literary compositions, and I read mine to him. One evening I read from my window to Canova, Rezia and Armari, my *Ester d'Engaddi*, and the next evening, the *Iginia d'Asti*.

But at night I groaned and wept, and obtained little or no sleep.

I desired, and at the same time dreaded, to learn how the news of my calamity had been received by my parents.

At length I received a letter from my father. What was my grief to see that my last letter to him had not been sent immediately, as I had so earnestly begged of the officer! My unhappy father, who always flattered himself that I should be acquitted, having one day taken up the Milan Gazette, had read in it my sentence. He himself related to me this cruel discovery, and left me to imagine how his soul had been rent by it.

Oh! how, in the boundless compassion which I felt for him, for my mother and all my family, how I burned with indignation that my letter had not been carefully forwarded. There may have been no evil motive in this delay, but I imagined an infernal one; I thought I perceived in it a refinement of barbarity, a desire that the blow should fall as heavily as possible, even upon my innocent relations.

I should have liked to be able to shed an ocean of blood to punish this fancied cruelty.

Now that I judge of it dispassionately, I do not regard it as probable. This delay doubtless was caused by nothing but negligence.

Furious as I was, I learned, with shudder-

ing, that my companions intended to take communion at Easter, before their departure, and I felt that I ought not to do it, having such an unwillingness to forgive. That I should have given such scandal! . . . .

CHAPTER LV.

The commissary arrived at length from Germany, and came to tell us that in two days we should set out.

"I have the pleasure," he added, "of being able to give you some consolation. In returning from Spielberg, I saw at Vienna His Majesty the Emperor, who told me that your prison days would be reckoned at twelve hours instead of twenty-four. Signifying by this expression that the term of your imprisonment was shortened one-half."

This diminution was never announced to us officially, yet there was no probability that the commissary lied, inasmuch as he did not impart that news to us as a secret, but with the knowledge of the commission.

Nevertheless I could not rejoice at it. In my mind seven years and a half in irons were scarcely less dreadful than fifteen. It seemed impossible that I could live so long.

My health was again quite bad. I had severe pains in the breast accompanied with a cough, and I thought my lungs were attacked. I ate little, and that little was not digested.

Our departure took place in the night between the twenty-fifth and twenty-sixth of March. We were permitted to embrace our friend, Doctor Cesare Armari. A *sbirro* fettered us transversely, the right hand and the left foot, to prevent our escape. We embarked in a gondola and our guards rowed towards Fusina.

On our arrival there we found two carriages in waiting. Rezia and Canova got into one, Maroncelli and myself into the other. In the former was the commissary with two prisoners, and in the latter the under commissary with the other two. Six or seven police guards arrived with muskets and sabres; some placed inside of the carriages and some on the box completed the convoy.

To be compelled by misfortune to leave one's native land is always painful, but to leave it loaded with chains, to be led into horrible climates, destined to languish for years among *sbirri*, is a thing so heart-rending that there are no terms to express it.

Before passing the Alps, my nation became every hour more dear to me, on account of the commiseration manifested to us everywhere by those whom we met. Our condemnation having been known to the public for several weeks, we were expected in every city, in every village, in every isolated hamlet. In many places the commissaries and guards had trouble to disperse the crowd that surrounded us. The sympathy manifested for us was truly astonishing.

At Udine a touching surprise happened to us. On arriving at the inn, the commissary made them shut the gate of the court to keep out the people. He assigned us a room and ordered the servants to bring us our supper and the necessaries for sleeping. A moment after three men entered with mattresses on their shoulders. What was our astonishment to perceive that only one of them was in the service of the house and that the others were two of our acquaintances! We pretended to assist them in arranging the mattresses, and secretly pressed their hands. Tears gushed from the hearts of all of us. Oh how painful it was not to be able to shed them in each other's arms!

The commissaries did not notice this touching scene, but I suspected one of the guards of having penetrated the mystery, at the moment that the good Dario squeezed my hand. This guard was a Venetian. He looked Dario and me in the face, turned pale, and appeared to hesitate whether he ought to raise his voice, but he kept silence and turned his eyes another way, pretending to see nothing. If he did not guess that these persons were our friends, he thought, at least, they were servants of our acquaintance.

CHAPTER LVI.

It was scarcely daylight next morning when we left Udine. The excellent Dario was already in the street enveloped in a mantle; he saluted us again and followed us a long time. We also saw a carriage following us for two or three miles, and in it a person who waved his handkerchief; at length it returned. Who was it? We could not conjecture.

God bless all generous souls who are not ashamed to love the unfortunate. Ah! I appreciate them the more because, in the years of my misfortune, I know some cowards who disowned me, and who thought to gain something by repeating the reproaches made against me. But these were few, while the number of the former was not small.

I was mistaken in thinking that this compassion which we found in Italy would cease as soon as we should arrive in a foreign land. Ah! the good man is always the countryman of the unhappy! When we were in Illyria and Austria the same things happened as at home. This groan was universal: *Arme herren!* (poor gentlemen!)

Sometimes, in entering a place the carriages were obliged to stop, before deciding where we should lodge. Then the people pressed around us, and we heard words of consolation which truly came from the heart. The goodness of these strangers touched me more than that of my own countrymen, Oh! how grateful I was to them all! how sweet is the sympathy of our fellow men, and how sweet it is to love them!

The consolation that I derived, diminished even my hatred against those that I called my enemies.

Who knows, thought I, if I saw their faces near and they saw mine; if I were able to read their hearts and they mine, who knows that I should not be compelled to confess that there is no wickedness in them, and they, that there is none in me! Who knows but we should be constrained to mutual pity and love.

Too often men hate because they do not know each other; and if they should exchange a few words together, they would shake hands in mutual confidence.

We stopped one day at Lubiana, where Canova and Rezia were separated from us and conducted to the castle. It is easy to imagine how painful this separation was for all four.

The evening of our arrival at Lubiana and the day following, a gentleman, who was said to be, if I rightly understood, a municipal secretary, politely came to keep us company. He was a man of much humanity, and spoke of religion with tenderness and dignity. I suspected he was a priest; priests in Germany are accustomed to dress like the laity. His was one of those ingenuous faces which inspire esteem; I regretted that I could not enjoy a longer acquaintance with him, and I am sorry that I have been so heedless as to forget his name.

How sweet would it be to know thy name also, Oh! thou, young maiden, who, in a village of Styria, didst follow us in the middle of the crowd; and when our carriage stopped for a few minutes, didst salute us with both hands, and then withdrew with thy handkerchief to thine eyes, leaning upon the arm of a thoughtful young man, whose light hair denoted him to be a German, but who perhaps had been in Italy and had contracted a love for our unhappy nation.

How sweet would it be to me to know the name of each of you, venerable fathers and mothers of families, who, in various places, approached us to ask if we had parents, and who, on learning that they were still living, grew pale, exclaiming: "Oh! may God soon restore you to those wretched old people!"

CHAPTER LVII.

We arrived at the place of our destination on the 10th of April.

The city of Brünn is the Capital of Moravia, and in it is the residence of the governor of the two provinces of Moravia and Silesia.

It is situated in a delightful valley and has a certain aspect of opulence. At that time it contained many flourishing manufactures of cloths which have since fallen to decay. Its population was about thirty thousand souls.

Near its walls, on the west, rises an eminence, upon which stands the gloomy fortress of Spielberg, once the palace of the lords of Moravia, now the most rigorous prison of the Austrian monarchy. It was a very strong citadel; but the French bombarded and took it at the time of the famous battle of Austerlitz (the village of Austerlitz is at a little distance from it). It has not since been restored so as to be used as a fortress, but a part of the enclosure which was dismantled has been rebuilt. About three hundred convicts, mostly thieves and assassins, are confined in it, some sentenced to *carcere duro*, and others to *carcere durissimo*.

Carcere duro signifies the being obliged to labor, to wear a chain upon the feet, to sleep upon naked planks, and to eat the meanest food imaginable.

Carcere durissimo is to be chained in a still more dreadful manner, with a band of iron around the middle of the body, and the chain fixed to the wall in such a way that the prisoner can scarcely move about the plank that serves for his bed; the food is the same, though the law says: *bread and water*.

We prisoners of state were condemned to *carcere duro*.

In climbing the ascent of the hill, we cast our eyes behind us to say adieu to the world, uncertain whether the gulf, which was about to swallow us alive, would ever open again for us. I was calm externally, but within roared. In vain I had recourse to philosophy to recover peace; philosophy had no consolation sufficient for me.

Having left Venice in bad health, the voyage had dreadfully fatigued me; my head and all my body ached. I had a burning fever. Physical pain contributed to keep me in a passion, and probably anger in its turn aggravated my bodily sufferings.

We were consigned to the superintendent of Spielberg, by whom our names were written among those of thieves. In taking leave, the imperial commissary embraced us, and was much moved: "Gentlemen," said he, "I particularly recommend submission to you, for the least infraction of discipline might be seriously punished by the superintendent."

The act of consignment being finished, Maroncelli and I were conducted to a subterraneous passage, where two dark rooms not contiguous were open for us; and each was locked up in his dungeon.

CHAPTER LVIII.

It is a very cruel thing, after having already said adieu to so many objects, and there remain but two friends equally unhappy; ah! yes, it is a very cruel thing to separate! Maroncelli, on leaving me, saw that I was sick, and lamented in me a man whom probably he would never see again; I wept in him a flower brilliant with health, snatched perhaps for ever from the vivifying light of the sun; and that flower, how it has withered! it saw the light again one day; but, alas! in what condition!

When I found myself alone in that horrible dungeon, and heard the bolts fasten; when by the feeble light which descended from a narrow and elevated window, I distinguished the naked planks given me for a bed, and an enormous chain attached to the wall, I sat down shuddering upon the bed, and taking the chain I measured its length, thinking it was destined for me.

Half an hour after, I heard the noise of keys; the door opened; the jailer was bringing a jug of water.

"Here is your drink," said he in a rough voice, "to-morrow morning I will bring the bread."

"Thanks, good man."

"I am not good," he replied.

"So much the worse for you," said I indignantly. "And this chain," I added, "is for me, perhaps."

"Yes, sir, if you are not quiet, if you become furious or insolent; but if you are reasonable we will only put a chain on

your feet; the workman is preparing it now."

He strided slowly up and down the room, shaking his formidable bunch of massive keys, and I, with angry eyes, wondered at his gigantic old and lean person; and although the features of his face were not common, everything about him seemed to me the odious expression of a brutal severity.

Oh! how unjust are men, in judging from appearances and according to their proud prejudices! That man who, as I imagined, gaily shook his keys to make me feel his sad power; that man whom I believed to have grown harsh by a long habit of cruelty; that man was entertaining feelings of compassion for me, and certainly spoke thus in a rough tone, only to conceal this feeling. He would have liked to conceal it, that he might not appear weak, and from fear that I should be offended at it. But at the same time supposing that I was, perhaps, more unhappy than guilty, he wished to let me discover it.

Weary of his presence, and still more by his lordly airs, I thought proper to humble him by speaking to him imperiously as to a servant: "Give me some drink."

He looked at me and seemed to say: Arrogant! you must drop that habit of commanding here.

But he was silent; he bent his long back, took the jug from the ground and gave it to me. I perceived that he trembled in taking it, and attributing this trembling to old age, a mingled feeling of pity and respect tempered my pride.

"How old are you?" said I in an accent of kindness.

"Seventy-four years, sir; I have already seen many misfortunes, both of myself and others."

This allusion to his misfortunes and those of others, was attended with a new trembling at the moment when he took the jug from me; and I suspected it was the effect, not of age only, but of some generous emotion. This idea effaced from my mind the dislike which he had given me at first sight.

"What is your name?" I asked.

"Fortune, sir, made a mock of me by giving me the name of a great man. My name is Schiller."

Then he told me in few words what was his country, his origin, the wars he had seen, and the wounds he had received.

He was born in Switzerland, and belonged to a family of peasants; had borne arms against the Turks under General Laudohn in the time of Maria Theresa and Joseph II., and afterwards in all the wars of Austria against France, until the fall of Napoleon.

CHAPTER LIX.

When we come to conceive a better opinion of a man whom we, at first, judged unfavorably, then noticing more closely his face, his voice, and his manners, we seem to discover evident signs of goodness. Is this discovery a reality? I suspect it to be an illusion. The same face, the same voice, the same manners, appeared, a little before, evident signs of knavery. We no sooner change our judgment of his moral qualities, than we modify the conclusions of our science of physiognomy. How many faces we venerate, because we know that similar ones have belonged to worthy men, which, if they belonged to other mortals, would appear to us by no means calculated to inspire veneration! and *vice versâ*. I once laughed very much at a lady, who, seeing a head of Catiline, and taking it for that of Collatinus, imagined she discovered in it the sublime grief of the latter for the death of Lucretia. And yet such illusions are common.

Not that there are no faces of good people that bear the characters of goodness clearly impressed upon their features, and no faces of rogues that bear as clearly the characters of vice; but I maintain that there are many of doubtful expression.

In short, when the old Schiller had advanced somewhat in my good graces, I regarded him more attentively than at first, and he was no longer disagreeable. To tell the truth, his conversation, notwithstanding a

certain rudeness, sometimes evinced traits of a noble soul.

"Corporal, as I am," said he, "they have given me for a place of retreat, the sad office of a jailer, and, God knows, if it is not more painful to me than to risk my life upon the field of battle."

I repented of having, just now, demanded of him something to drink, with haughtiness. "My dear Schiller," said I, pressing his hand, "you deny it in vain, I see that you are good; and since I have fallen into this misfortune, I thank Heaven for having appointed you my guardian."

He listened to my words, shook his head, and passing his hand across his forehead, like a man who has an unpleasant thought, he replied:

"I am bad, sir. They made me take an oath to which I will never be wanting. I am obliged to treat all prisoners, and above all, prisoners of state, without regard to their condition, without indulgence and without permitting any abuse. The Emperor knows what he is doing, and I must obey him."

"You are a brave man, and I shall respect what you regard as a duty of conscience. He who acts in the sincerity of his conscience may err, but he is pure before God."

"Poor Signor! have patience, and pity me. I will be iron in my duties, but the heart . . . the heart is full of sorrow, not to be able to relieve the unhappy: this is what I wanted to tell you."

We were both moved; he begged me to be calm, not to give way to transports of rage, as convicts often do, that he might not be compelled to treat me harshly.

He assumed then a rough tone, as if to conceal a part of his emotion, and said; "Now I must go."

Then he turned round to ask me how long I had had that wretched cough, and he launched a heavy malediction against the physician, because he did not come to see me that very evening.

"You have a galloping fever, sir," added he; "I understand it: you need at least a straw bed; but until the physician has ordered it, we cannot give it to you."

He went out, closed the door, and I stretched myself upon those hard planks, still suffering from fever, and violent pains in the breast; but less irritated, less the enemy of men, less removed from God.

CHAPTER LX.

At night, the superintendent came, accompanied by Schiller, another corporal, and two soldiers, to make an examination.

Three examinations were required each day; one in the morning, another at evening, and the third at midnight. The search extended to every corner of the prison, even to the smallest things; then the subalterns retired, and the superintendent (who morning and evening never failed in his visit) stopped some time to converse with me.

The first time that I saw this little troop, a strange thought occurred to me. Still ignorant of this annoying custom, and delirious with fever, I imagined they had come to murder me, and seized the long chain which lay near me, to break the skull of the first that should approach.

"What are you doing?" said the superintendent. "We do not come to hurt you: this is a visit of mere formality to all the cells, to assure ourselves that there is nothing out of order."

I hesitated; but when I saw Schiller advance towards me and amicably offer me his hand, his paternal aspect inspired me with confidence; I let go the chain and took his hand within my own.

"Oh, how it burns!" said he to the superintendent. "If we could only give him a straw bed."

He pronounced these words with an expression of sorrow so sincere, so affectionate, that I was touched.

The superintendent felt my pulse, and testified his compassion. He was a man of genteel manners, but durst not take upon himself any decision.

"Here everything is rigor, even for me," said he. "If I do not execute to the letter what is enjoined, I run the risk of being deprived of my place."

Schiller protruded his lips, and I would have bet that he thought to himself, "If I were superintendent, I would not carry my fears to that extent. It could never be reckoned a great crime to adopt a decision so well justified by necessity, and so harmless to the government."

When I was alone, my heart, which had been for some time incapable of profound religious feelings, became softened, and I prayed. It was a prayer of benediction upon the head of Schiller; adding this petition: "Enable me, O God, to discover also in the others some good quality which may attach me to them. I accept all the torments of imprisonment, but permit me to love! deliver me from the torment of hating my fellows!"

At midnight, I heard many steps in the passage. The keys rattled, the door opened, and the corporal, with two guards, entered to make their visit.

"Where is my old Schiller?" said I, with solicitude. He had stopped in the passage.

"I am here, I am here," answered he.

And coming up to my bed of planks, he again felt my pulse, anxiously bending down to look at me, like a father over the bed of a sick son.

"And now that I recollect, to-morrow is Thursday!" murmured he, "yes, Thursday! too certain."

"And what do you mean by that?"

"That the physician is accustomed to come only on Monday, Wednesday and Friday mornings, and unfortunately he will not come to-morrow."

"Do not be uneasy about it."

"Not be uneasy about it? not be uneasy about it? In the whole city nothing is talked of but the arrival of you gentlemen; the physician cannot be ignorant of it. Why the devil has he not made a special effort to come once more?"

"Who knows but he will come to-morrow, although it is Thursday?"

The old man said nothing; but pressed my hand with a grasp powerful enough to lame it; and although he hurt me, he gave me pleasure; like the pleasure which a lover experiences when, in dancing, his beloved happens to step upon his foot: he would willingly scream with pain, but, instead of that, he smiles at her and esteems himself happy.

CHAPTER LXI.

Thursday morning, after a very bad night, debilitated, and my bones bruised by the planks, I was taken with a profuse perspiration. The visit came, the superintendent was not there: as that hour was inconvenient for him, he came somewhat later.

I said to Schiller: "See how soaked I am with sweat; it is already grown cold upon my body; it will be necessary to change my shirt at once."

"It cannot be," he exclaimed, in a brutal voice. But he secretly made a sign to me, with his eyes and his hand. When the corporal and guards went away, he turned round to make me another sign, as he shut the door.

A little after he returned, bringing me one of his own shirts, twice the length of my body.

"It will be rather long for you," said he; "but at present I have no other."

"I thank you, my friend; but as I brought to Spielberg a trunk full of linen, I hope I shall not be refused the use of my own shirts. Have the kindness to go and ask one of the superintendent."

"It is not permitted, sir, to allow you any of your linen. Every Saturday you will be furnished one of the shirts of the establishment, like the other convicts."

"Honest old man," said I, "you see in what a condition I am; it is not probable that I shall ever leave this place alive: I shall never be able to reward you for your kindness."

"For shame, sir, for shame!" he exclaimed. "Talk of reward to a man who cannot render

a service, who can scarcely lend in secret something to a sick man to dry his body dripping with sweat!"

And hastily throwing his long shirt upon my back, he went off grumbling, and closed the door with a violent noise.

About two hours after, he brought me a morsel of black bread.

"This," said he, "is the allowance for two days." Then he commenced walking about, and scolding.

"What is the matter?" I asked. "Are you angry with me? I have accepted the shirt you were so kind as to give me."

"I am angry at the doctor, who, although it is Thursday, might have taken the trouble to come."

"Patience!" I replied.

I said patience! but I could not rest in any position upon those planks, without even a pillow: all my bones ached.

At eleven o'clock, a convict, accompanied by Schiller, brought my dinner. It was in two iron pots; one containing some most detestable soup, and the other vegetables, fixed up with such sauce that the odor alone excited disgust.

I tried to swallow a few spoonfuls of soup, but it was impossible.

Schiller kept repeating: "Take courage; try to get accustomed to that food; otherwise it will happen to you as it has already happened to others, to eat only a little bread, and to die afterwards of languor."

Friday morning, Doctor Bayer came at last. He found me with some fever, ordered for me a straw bed, and insisted that I should be taken from my dungeon and transferred to an upper story. It could not be done; there was no place vacant. But a report being made to Count Mitrowski, governor of the two provinces of Moravia and Silesia, residing at Brünn, he replied that, considering the serious nature of my sickness, the order of the physician should be followed.

A little light penetrated into the room they had given me; and by clinging to the bars of the narrow window, I saw the valley below, part of the city of Brünn, a suburb with numerous little gardens, the cemetery, the little lake of Chartruse, and the woody hills which separated us from the famous fields of Austerlitz.

The view enchanted me. Oh! how happy should I have been, if I could have enjoyed it with Maroncelli!

CHAPTER LXII.

In the meantime they were making our prison clothes. I had mine at the end of five days.

They consisted of a pair of pantaloons of coarse cloth, the right side of a grey color, and the left of a dingy brown; a close jacket of two colors, disposed in the same manner; and a waistcoat with the same two colors reversed, that is, the brown on the right side, and the grey on the left. The stockings were of coarse wool; the shirt of tow-cloth, full of shives, real sackcloth. For the neck, a cravat of the same stuff as the shirt. The boots were of uncolored leather, and laced; the hat was white.

To complete this livery, we had irons upon the feet, that is, a chain from one leg to the other, the rings of which were fastened with nails riveted upon an anvil. The workman who performed this operation for me, thinking that I did not understand German, said to one of the guards: "Sick as he is, they might have spared him this sport; two months will not pass before the angel of death will come to deliver him."

"*Mochte es seyn!* Be it so!" said I, slapping him upon the shoulder with my hand.

The poor man started, and was confused; then he added:

"I hope I may not be a prophet, and wish that you may be delivered by a very different angel."

"Rather than live so," I replied, "does it not seem to you that even the angel of death would be welcome?"

He nodded in the affirmative, and went away commiserating my lot.

In truth, I would have voluntarily ceased to live, but had no temptation to suicide; I trusted that the weakness of my lungs would be such as to despatch me in a short time. God did not wish it. The fatigue of the journey had done me much harm, but repose brought me some relief.

A minute after the workman went out, I heard the hammer sounding upon the anvil in the underground room. Schiller was still in my chamber.

"Hear those blows," said I; "surely they are putting the irons on poor Maroncelli."

As I uttered these words, my heart was so wrung that I staggered, and should have fallen if the good old man had not supported me. For more than half an hour I was in a state resembling a swoon, yet it was not one. I could not speak; my pulse scarcely beat; a cold sweat inundated me from head to foot; and notwithstanding this, I heard all that Schiller said, and had a most vivid recollection of the past, and perception of the present.

The order of the superintendent and the vigilance of the guards had hitherto preserved silence in all the neighboring prisons. Three or four times I had heard some Italian air sung, which was immediately suppressed by the cries of the sentinels. We had many of the latter stationed upon the terrace under our windows, and one even within our corridor, who went round continually, listening at the doors, and looking through the wickets, to prevent noise.

One day towards evening (every time I think of it I feel anew the palpitations which I then experienced), the sentinels, by a lucky chance, were less attentive, and I heard in the prison adjacent to mine a song struck up and continued in a low but clear voice.

Oh, what joy, what emotion seized upon me! I rose from my bed, listened, and when the voice ceased I involuntarily burst into tears.

"Who art thou, unhappy?" I exclaimed. "Who art thou? Tell me thy name. I am Silvio Pellico."

"Oh, Silvio!" answered my neighbor; "I have no personal acquaintance with you, but I have loved you for a long time. Come close to your window, and let us talk in spite of the watch."

I climbed to the window, when he told me his name, and we exchanged some words of tenderness.

It was Count Antonio Oroboni, a native of Fratta, near Rovigo, a young man of twenty-nine years.

Alas! we were soon interrupted by the menacing shouts of the sentinels. That of the corridor knocked loudly with the butt of his musket, sometimes at my door and sometimes at that of Orobino. We would not, we could not obey; yet the imprecations of the guards were such that we ceased, promising to renew the conversation when the sentinels were changed.

CHAPTER LXIII.

We hoped—what in fact happened—that by speaking more softly, we might still hear each other, and that we might sometimes fall in with compassionate sentinels, who would pretend not to notice our conversation. By dint of experiment we learned to emit a sound so low that it was perceptible to our ears, yet escaped others, or else afforded a pretext for dissembling. It happened, indeed, now and then, that we had listeners of a quicker hearing, or that we forgot to moderate the sound of our voices; then the cries and the knockings upon our doors were renewed, and, what was worse, the anger of poor Schiller and the superintendent.

By degrees we perfected all our measures of precaution, which were, to speak at certain times in preference to others, during the watch of certain guards rather than that of others, and always in a very well moderated voice. Whether it was the perfection of our art, or in others the habit of complaisance which they insensibly acquired, we succeeded in being able to converse enough every day, without affording, scarcely ever, an occasion for a chief to scold us.

We leagued ourselves in a tender friend-

ship. He narrated to me the story of his life, and I narrated mine to him. The anguish and consolations of one became the anguish and consolations of the other. Oh, what comfort did we mutually impart! How many times, after a sleepless night, did each of us, going to his window in the morning, and saluting his friend and hearing his dear words, feel the sadness alleviated and courage revived in his heart! Each was conscious of being useful to the other, and this certainty awoke in our thoughts a generous strife of amiability, and that satisfaction which a man experiences, even in misery, when he can render aid to his fellow.

Each conversation left behind it the desire to renew it, and called for further explanations; it was a lively and perpetual stimulus to the understanding, the imagination, the memory, and the heart.

In the commencement, from the recollection of Julian, I distrusted the constancy of this new friend. Hitherto, thought I, no disagreement of opinion has occurred; but some day or other I may displease him in something, and then he will abandon me.

This suspicion soon vanished. Our opinions accorded in all essential points; except that, to a noble soul, burning with generous feelings, and superior to adversity, he added the most entire and candid faith in Christianity, whilst mine had been for some time wavering, and at times it appeared quite extinct.

He combated my doubts with the justest reflections, and in the most affectionate manner. I felt that he was right, and acknowledged it; but my doubts returned. This happens to all those who have not the Gospel in their hearts, to all who hate others, and who are proud of themselves. The mind sees the truth for an instant; but as truth does not please it, it disbelieves it the next instant, and forces itself to look another way. Oroboni had great power in turning my attention to the motives which should influence a man to be indulgent towards his enemies. I could speak to him of nobody that I hated, whom he did not undertake skilfully to defend, not only by words but by examples. Many persons had injured him, he groaned under it, but forgave all, and if he could tell me some laudable trait of any of them, he did it willingly.

The irritation to which I was subject, and which had made me irreligious ever since my condemnation, lasted several weeks; then ceased altogether. The virtue of Oroboni had charmed me. In endeavoring to reach him, I put myself at least upon his footsteps. When I was again able to pray for all men, and no longer hate any one, my doubts in regard to faith disappeared. *Ubi charitas et amor Deus ibi est.* Where love and charity are, there is God.

CHAPTER LXIV.

To tell the truth, if our punishment was very severe and calculated to irritate, we had at the same time the rare good fortune of seeing only good people around us. They could alleviate our lot only by kind and respectful attentions; but these were rendered by all. If there was some roughness in old Schiller, how fully was it compensated by the nobleness of his heart! Even the wretched Kunda (the convict who brought us our dinner, and also water three times a day) wished to testify his compassion for us. He swept our rooms twice a week. One morning while sweeping, he seized the moment when Schiller was two or three steps from the door, to offer me a piece of white bread. I did not accept it, but cordially pressed his hand. This pressure moved him: he said to me in bad German (he was a Pole): "they give you so little to eat, sir, that surely you must suffer from hunger."

I assured him to the contrary, but that assurance was incredible.

The physician, seeing that none of us could eat the quality of food afforded us during the first days, put us upon what was called *quarter rations*, that is, the regimen of the hospital. It consisted of three small dishes of very thin soup per day, a little bit of roast lamb that

might be swallowed at a mouthful, and perhaps three ounces of white bread. As my health grew stronger, my appetite increased, and that *quarter* was really too little. I tried to come back to the diet of those in health, but nothing was to be gained; it disgusted me to such a degree that I could not eat it. I was absolutely obliged to confine myself to the *quarter*. For more than a year I knew what was the torment of hunger. And that torment was suffered in even greater violence by some of my companions, who, more robust than myself, were accustomed to more liberal nourishment. I know from some of them that they accepted bread from Schiller and the two guards attached to our service, and even from that good fellow Kunda.

"They say in the city, that these gentlemen get very little to eat," said the barber to me one day, a young man, the apprentice of our surgeon.

"It is too true," said I frankly.

On the following Saturday (he came every Saturday) he wanted to give me, in secret, quite a large loaf of white bread. Schiller feigned not to notice this offer. If I had listened to my stomach I should have accepted it, but I was firm in my refusal, that the poor youth might not be tempted to repeat his present, which might at length be charged upon him.

For the same reasons I refused the offers of Schiller. Many a time has he brought me a piece of boiled meat, and begged me to eat it, protesting that it cost him nothing; that it was the remains of his dinner, that he did not know what to do with it, that he should give it to some of the others if I did not take it. I would have willingly fallen upon and devoured it; but if I did so, would not Schiller want to give me something every day?

Twice only did I yield; once when he brought me a plate of cherries, and another time some pears; the sight of these fruits irresistibly fascinated me. I was sorry I accepted them, merely because he afterwards did not cease to offer them.

CHAPTER LXV.

It had been established from the first that each of us should have an hour to walk, twice a week. Afterwards this relief was granted every other day, and still later, every day, except festivals.

Each one was taken to walk separately, between two guards, with muskets on their shoulders. Having my lodging at the head of the passage I passed, in my way out, the rooms of all the Italian prisoners of state, except that of Maroncelli, who alone languished below.

"Pleasant walk!" they all murmured through the wickets of their doors, but I was not permitted to stop to salute any one.

We descended a stairway, crossed a large court, and came upon a terrace lying to the south, whence could be seen the city of Brünn, and a great extent of the surrounding country.

In the court above mentioned were always many convicts of the common sort, who went to and from their labors or promenaded in groups conversing. Among them were many Italian thieves who saluted me with much respect, and said among themselves: "He is not such a rascal as we are, yet his captivity is much more severe than ours."

They enjoyed in fact much more freedom than I did. I heard these and many other expressions, and cordially saluted them in return.

On one occasion one of them said to me: "Your salutation does me good. You can perhaps discover something in my countenance that is not villainy. An unhappy passion led me to commit a crime; but, no, Signor, I am not a villain!"

He burst into tears. I stretched out my hand to him, but he could not press it. The guards repulsed him, not from ill-nature, but in obedience to their orders. They were to let no one approach me, whoever he might be. The remarks which the convicts addressed to me they generally pretended to speak among themselves, and if my two guards perceived that they were intended for my ear, they imposed silence.

Persons of various conditions, who were

strangers at the castle, also passed through this court, coming to visit the superintendent, the chaplain, the sergeant, or one of the corporals. "There's one of the Italians," said they in a low voice, and stopped to look at me; and many times I heard them say in German, thinking I did not understand it: "That poor gentleman will never reach old age; he has death in his countenance."

In truth, though my health had been at first much improved, I languished for lack of nourishment, and again was frequently attacked by fever. With difficulty I dragged my chain as far as the place of our promenade; and when there, I threw myself upon the grass, where I generally remained until my hour was expired.

My guards remained standing, or sat down by me to talk. One of them, named Kral, was a Bohemian, who, though belonging to a family of poor peasants, had received a certain degree of education, and had improved himself as much as he was able by reflecting with much discrimination upon the things of the world, and by reading all the books that he could lay his hands upon. He was acquainted with Klopstock, Wieland, Goethe, Schiller, and many other good German authors. He knew a great many extracts from them by heart, and recited them with intelligence and feeling. The other guard was a Pole, of the name of Kubitzky, ignorant, but respectful and cordial. Their company was dear to me.

CHAPTER LXVI.

At one of the extremities of the terrace were the apartments of the superintendent; at the other, lived a corporal with his wife and young child. When I saw any one coming out of these dwellings I arose and advanced to meet the person or persons who came forth, by whom I was loaded with marks of courtesy and compassion.

The superintendent's wife had been sick for a long time and was dying slowly. Sometimes, at her request, she was brought out into the open air upon a sofa. I am unable to describe how deeply affected she was in expressing to me the compassion she felt for us all. Her look was singularly sweet and timid, nevertheless it was from time to time fixed with an intense, inquiring confidence, upon the eyes of him who spoke to her.

I said to her one day with a smile: "Do you know, madam, that you somewhat resemble a person once dear to me?"

She blushed, and replied with a serious and amiable simplicity: "Do not forget me then when I am dead; pray for my poor soul, and for the little children I leave on the earth."

From that day she was unable to leave her bed, and I never saw her more. After languishing several months she died.

She had three sons, pretty as little loves, and another one at the breast. Often the unfortunate lady had embraced them in my presence, and said, "Who knows who will be their mother after I am gone? Whoever she may be, may the Lord give her the bowels of a mother, even for children not her own!" And she wept.

A thousand times have I recalled her prayer and her tears.

When she was no more, I sometimes embraced those children, and, with tender emotion, repeated that maternal prayer. And I thought of my own mother, of the ardent wishes her affectionate heart was doubtless forming for me, and with sobs I exclaimed: "Oh happier far is that mother, who, in dying, left her children infants, than she who, after rearing them with infinite care, sees them dragged away from her."

Two excellent women of advanced age customarily attended the children: one of whom was the mother of the superintendent, and the other his aunt. They desired to know all my history, and I briefly related it to them.

"How unhappy we are," said they with an expression of the most sincere sorrow, "that we are unable to afford you any relief! But be assured that we will pray for you, and if one day your pardon comes, it will be a festival for all our family."

The former, whom I saw most frequently, possessed a sweet and admirable eloquence, in imparting consolation. I listened to it with filial gratitude, and her words were engraved upon my heart.

She spoke things that I knew already, yet they struck me as if they had been new: "That misfortune does not degrade a man unless he is a coward, but rather elevates him; that if we could penetrate the counsels of God, we should find conquerors much more to be pitied than the conquered, the gay than the afflicted, the rich than the poor, despoiled of their all;—that the special regard testified by the Son of God for the unfortunate is an important lesson;—that we ought to glory in the cross, since it has been borne by divine shoulders."

Alas! these two good old ladies that I saw with so much pleasure, were soon obliged, for family reasons, to leave Spielberg; the children also ceased to appear upon the terrace. How much these losses afflicted me!

CHAPTER LXVII.

The uneasiness caused by the chain upon my feet, by depriving me of sleep, contributed to ruin my health. Schiller wished me to complain, and pretended that it was the physician's duty to cause it to be taken off.

I did not listen to him for some time, but at length I yielded to his counsel, and told the physician that, to recover the benefit of sleep, I begged him to remove my chain, at least for a few days.

The physician replied, that my fever had not reached such a point as to justify him in complying with my request, and that I must accustom myself to irons.

The reply offended me, and I was vexed at having made a useless request.

"See what I have gained by following your obstinate advice," said I to Schiller.

I must have spoken these words quite sharply, for the rude, yet good old man, took offence at them.

"You are vexed at having exposed yourself to a refusal," he said, "and I am hurt that you take a proud tone towards me."

Then he proceeded to preach me a long sermon: "The proud make their importance consist in not exposing themselves to a refusal, in not accepting offers, in blushing at a thousand follies. *Alle eseleyen!* (All nonsense) Vain greatness! Ignorance of true dignity! True dignity consists mostly in feeling ashamed only of bad actions!"

He spoke, and went away, making an infernal clatter with his keys.

I remained confounded. "And yet," said I, "this blunt sincerity pleases me. It comes from the heart like his offers, like his advice, like his sympathy. And has he not told me the truth? To how many weaknesses do I not give the name of dignity, when, in fact, they are nothing but pride?

At the hour of dinner, Schiller let the convict Kunda bring in the small pots and the water while he stopped at the door. I called him.

"I have not time," answered he dryly.

I left my bed, went to him and said: "If you wish my dinner to do me any good, do not make me such an ugly face."

"What face must I make?" said he, clearing up.

"That of a cheerful man, of a friend," I replied.

"Hurra for joy!" he exclaimed. "And if you want to see me dance, that your dinner may do you good, I am at your service." And he began to gambol so comically with his long thin legs, that I burst into a laugh. I laughed, yet my heart was deeply touched.

CHAPTER LXVIII.

One evening, that Oroboni and myself were standing at our windows, condoling with each other, and saying how hungry we were, we elevated our voices a little, and the sentinels screamed at us. The superintendent, who,

unluckily, was passing that way, considered it his duty to send for Schiller and reprimand him severely because he was not more watchful to make us keep silence. Schiller came in great wrath to complain to me, and enjoined me not to speak any more from my window. He wanted me to promise him.

"No," I replied, "I will not promise."

"Oh, *der teufel! der teufel!*" he exclaimed, "to say to me, 'I will not!' to me who have just received this cursed reprimand on your account!"

"I am sorry, my dear Schiller, for the reprimand you have received, I am really sorry; but I do not like to promise what I feel I shall not perform."

"And why not perform it?"

"Because I cannot; because perpetual solitude is for me so cruel a torment, that I shall never resist the necessity of letting some words escape from my breast, and inviting my neighbor to answer me. And if my neighbor should remain silent, I would address my words to the bars of my window, to the hills before me, to the birds that fly in the air."

"*Der teufel!* and you will not promise?"

"No, no, no!" I exclaimed.

He threw down his clattering bunch of keys and repeated, "*der teufel! der teufel!*" then, embracing me, he exclaimed: "Must I cease to be a man on account of those vile keys? You are a man of the right sort, and I am glad that you are not willing to make a promise that you will not keep. I would do the same."

I picked up his keys and gave them to him.

"These keys," said I, "are not so *vile*, since they cannot turn an honest corporal like you, into an unfeeling *sbirro*."

"If I thought they could do it," he answered, "I would carry them to my superiors and tell them: 'If you are willing to give me no bread but that of the executioner, I will go and beg.'"

He drew his handkerchief from his pocket, wiped his eyes, then elevated them, joining his hands in the attitude of prayer. I clasped my own likewise, and offered a prayer in silence. He comprehended that I prayed for him, and I knew that he did the same for me.

In going out, he said to me in a low voice: "When you talk with Count Oroboni, speak as low as possible. You will do two good things at the same time: spare me the reprimands of the superintendent, and prevent the overhearing some remarks, perhaps —— shall I say it? remarks, which, if reported, would irritate still more him who can punish."

I assured him that no word should ever escape our lips, which could offend, no matter to whom it were reported.

We had, in fact, no need of advice to be on our guard. Two prisoners who effect a communication with each other, know very well how to invent a jargon in which they speak everything, without being understood by any listener whatever.

CHAPTER LXIX.

I RETURNED from my walk one morning; it was the seventh of August. The door of Oroboni's room was open, and Schiller, who was within, did not hear me coming. My guards wished to advance a step to shut the door, but I anticipated them, threw myself forward, and found myself in the arms of Oroboni.

Schiller was confounded: "*Der teufel, der teufel!*" he exclaimed, and raised his finger to threaten me. But his eyes filled with tears, and he said, sobbing: "O my God, take pity upon these poor young men, and me, and all the unhappy, thou who wast so unhappy upon earth!"

The two guards wept. The sentinel of the corridor ran thither and wept also. Oroboni said to me: "Silvio, Silvio, this day is one of the happiest of my life!" I know not what I said in reply; I was beside myself with joy and tenderness.

When Schiller conjured us to separate, and we were obliged to obey him, Oroboni, bursting into a flood of tears, said to me: "Shall we ever meet again in this world?"

And I never saw him again! A few months afterwards his room was vacant, and Oroboni reposed in the cemetery that stretched before my window!

Since our interview of a moment, it appeared that our friendship was still more tender, more ardent than before; that we had become more necessary to each other.

Oroboni was an elegant young man, of a noble exterior, but pale and in wretched health. His eyes alone were full of life. My affection for him was increased by the pity with which his leanness and paleness inspired me. He had the same feeling for me. We both saw how probable it was, that one of us would soon be the unhappy survivor of the other.

A few days after, he was taken sick. I did nothing but groan and pray for him. After many returns of fever, he recovered a little strength, and was able to return to our sweet conversations. Oh, how consoling it was to me, to hear again the sound of his voice.

"Do not deceive yourself," said he to me. "It will last but a short time. Have the strength to prepare yourself for my loss; inspire me with courage by your own."

Just at this time they wanted to give a coating of white to the walls of our prisons, and in the meantime we had to go into subterranean cells. Unluckily, we were not put in contiguous rooms. Schiller told me that Oroboni was well, but I suspected he did not like to tell me the truth, and feared that his health, already so feeble, would become worse by confinement in a dungeon.

Would that I had had, at least, the good fortune on that occasion to be near my dear Maroncelli! I, however, heard his voice. We saluted each other in singing, in spite of the cries of the guards.

At this time the first physician of Brünn came to visit us, probably sent in consequence of reports which the superintendent had forwarded to Vienna, upon the extreme feebleness to which so great a scarcity of food had reduced us all, or because an epidemic scurvy prevailed in the prisons at that time.

Ignorant of the cause of this visit, I imagined it was on account of a new complaint of Oroboni. The fear of losing him gave me inexpressible uneasiness. I was then seized with a profound melancholy and the desire to die. The idea of suicide returned. I combated it; but I was like an exhausted traveller, who, while saying to himself, "It is my duty to go on to the end," feels an irresistible desire to throw himself on the ground and rest.

I had been told, that recently, in one of those dark dens, an old Bohemian had put an end to his life by dashing his head against the wall. I could not chase from my mind the temptation to imitate him. I do not know but my delirium would have come to that, if a hemorrhage of blood from the breast had not made me believe that my death was near. I thanked God that it was his will to take me away in that manner, sparing me an act of despair which my reason condemned.

But God, on the contrary, wished to preserve me. That spitting of blood alleviated my troubles. In the meantime I was removed to my room above, where the clear light and the regained neighborhood of Oroboni re-attached me to life.

CHAPTER LXX.

I CONFIDED to him the dreadful melancholy that I had experienced when separated from him; and he told me that he, likewise, had been obliged to combat the thought of suicide.

"Let us take advantage," said he, "of the little time again afforded us, to strengthen each other with the consolations of religion. Let us speak of God: let us incite one another to love him; let us remember that he is justice, wisdom, goodness, beauty, that he is everything that we admire of highest excellence. I tell you in truth, that death is not far from me. I shall be eternally grateful to you, if you contribute to make me as pious in my last days, as I ought to have been all my life."

And henceforth our conversations dwelt only upon Christian philosophy, and the contrast it offers to the poverty of the doctrine of the sensualist. We both rejoiced in discovering so great a conformity between Christianity and reason; both, in comparing the various evangelical communions, saw that the Catholic only could truly stand the test of criticism, and that its doctrine was composed of the purest principles and the soundest morals, and not of the miserable conceptions of human ignorance.

"And if, by some chance little to be expected, we should return into society," said Oroboni, "should we be so cowardly as not to confess our belief in the Gospel? As to take umbrage, if any one imagines that a prison has enfeebled our minds, and that by that weakness we had become less firm in the faith?

"My dear Oroboni," I replied, "your question reveals your answer, which is also mine. The height of cowardice is to be the slave of the opinions of others, when we are persuaded that they are false. I do not believe that either you or myself could ever be guilty of such cowardice."

Among these outpourings of the heart I committed a fault I had sworn to Julian that I would never, by revealing his real name, confide to any one the relations that had existed between us. I imparted them to Oroboni, saying to him: "In the world, a thing of this sort should never escape my lips, but here we are in a tomb, and even if you should ever leave it, I know that I can trust you."

That most honorable soul was silent.

"Why do you not answer me?" I asked.

At length he began to censure me for having betrayed the secret. His reproof was just. No friendship, however intimate it may be, and however fortified by virtue, can justify such a violation of confidence.

But since my fault was committed, Oroboni derived from it some good for me. He had been acquainted with Julian, and he knew many honorable acts of his life. He related them to me, and said: "This man has so often acted like a Christian, that he cannot carry his anti-religious fury to the grave. Let us hope so. And you, Silvio, take care to forgive his ill-humor from your heart and pray for him."

These words were sacred for me.

CHAPTER LXXI.

The conversations of which I speak, sometimes with Oroboni, and sometimes with Schiller or others, occupied, after all, but a small portion of the long twenty-four hours of my day, and very often it happened that all conversation with the former was impossible.

What did I do in so great a solitude?

My time, during those days, passed in the following manner: I rose always at day-break, and jumping on the head of my bed, I climbed upon the bars of my window and performed my devotions. Oroboni was already at his window, or was not slow in coming. After a mutual salutation, each continued to raise his thoughts to God in silence. Horrible as were our prisons, so much more beautiful was the spectacle spread out before us. That heaven, that landscape, the far-off moving of living creatures in the valley, the voices of the young villagers, the laugh, the song, exhilarated us, and made us feel more dearly the presence of Him, who is so magnificent in his goodness, and whose aid was so needful to us.

Then came the morning visit of the guards. They threw a glance around the room, to see that all was in order, and examined my chain ring by ring, to assure themselves that it had not been broken by accident or design; or rather (for to break it was impossible) they made this inspection, to obey faithfully the rules of discipline. If it was the day for the doctor's visit, Schiller asked if I wished to speak to him, and made a memorandum of it.

The tour of our prisons being finished, Schiller returned, accompanied by Kunda, whose duty it was to clean our rooms.

After a brief interval, they brought us our breakfast. It consisted of half a pot of a reddish broth, with three very thin slices of bread. I ate the bread, but the broth I could not swallow.

Then I disposed myself to study. Maroncelli had brought many books from Italy, and all our companions likewise had brought more or less. They formed, altogether, an excellent little library. We hoped, moreover, to be able, by means of our money, to increase it. We had asked permission of the Emperor to read our books and purchase new ones; no answer had yet been received; but, in the mean while, the governor of Brünn granted us, provisionally, the privilege of having each two books at a time, and of changing them as often as we wished. At nine o'clock, the superintendent came, and if the physician was wanted, he accompanied him.

After this, another space of time remained for study, till eleven, which was the hour for dinner.

There was no other visit till sunset, and I resumed my studies. At that time, Schiller and Kunda came to change the water, and an instant after, the superintendent appeared with some guards, to make the evening inspection, which extended to every part of my room and my irons.

For one hour per day, either before or after dinner, according to the pleasure of the guards, we took our walk.

After the visit of the evening, just mentioned, Oroboni and I disposed ourselves to talk, and these were usually our longest conversations. They sometimes occurred in the morning, or immediately after dinner, but the latter were for the most part very short.

Sometimes the sentinels were compassionate enough to say to us; "A little lower, gentlemen; otherwise the punishment will fall on us."

At other times, they feigned not to notice that we were talking; then, seeing the sergeant coming, they begged us to keep still until he had passed, which he had scarcely done, when they said to us: "You can go on now, gentlemen, but as low as possible."

Some of the soldiers would now and then have the boldness to take part in the conversation, to satisfy our inquiries, and give us some news from Italy.

To certain remarks, we made no reply, except to beg them to be silent. It was natural for us to doubt whether their words were always the expressions of sincere hearts, or an artifice to pry into our minds. Nevertheless, I am rather inclined to believe that they spoke with sincerity.

CHAPTER LXXII.

One evening, we had very indulgent sentinels, when Oroboni and myself did not take the trouble to moderate our voices; Maroncelli, having climbed upon the window of his subterranean cell, heard us and distinguished my voice. He was not able to contain himself, but saluted me in singing. He inquired how I was, and expressed, in the tenderest terms, his regret at not having been able to obtain permission for us to room together. I had also requested this favor, but neither the superintendent of Spielberg nor the governor of Brünn had the power to grant it. Our mutual desire had been transmitted to the Emperor, and no answer had, up to that time, been received.

Besides the time that we had saluted each other in singing, in the rooms below, I had many times heard his songs in the upper story, but without distinguishing the words; and then, only a few moments, because he was not allowed to proceed.

Now he elevated his voice to a much higher tone, and not being so soon interrupted, I understood all. No language can express the emotions that I then experienced.

I answered him, and we continued our dialogue about a quarter of an hour. At length, the sentinels upon the terrace were changed, and the new comers were not so complaisant. We attempted to resume our singing, but they assailed us with furious cries and curses, and we were obliged to respect them.

I pictured Maroncelli to myself, lying for so long a time in a cell much worse than mine; I imagined the sadness into which he must often fall; the injury which his health must suffer; and a profound anguish overcame me.

At length, I was able to weep; but tears brought me no relief. I was taken with a severe head-ache and a violent fever. Unable any longer to stand, I threw myself on my bed. The convulsions increased; my breast was racked with pains and horrible spasms: I thought that night would be my last.

On the day following, the fever had ceased, and my breast was better; but my brain seemed to be on fire, and I could scarcely turn my head, without awakening cruel pains.

I communicated my state to Oroboni. He also felt much worse than usual.

"My friend," said he, "the day is not far distant, when one of us will no longer be able to come to the window. Each time that we salute each other may be the last. Let us both hold ourselves ready, either to die, or to survive a friend."

His voice was agitated; I could not reply. We were silent for a moment, then he resumed:

"How happy you are to know German! You can at least enjoy the privilege of confession. I have asked for a priest who knew Italian; I was told there was none. But God sees my desire, and in truth, since I confessed at Venice, I seem to have nothing that weighs upon my conscience."

"I, on the contrary," I replied, "confessed at Venice, with my mind full of rancor, and did worse than if I had refused the sacraments. But if I am now allowed a priest, I assure you I will confess from my heart and forgive the whole world."

"Heaven bless you!" he exclaimed; "you give me great consolation. Let us do, yes, let us both do what is in our power to be eternally united in happiness, as we have been in these days of misfortune."

The next day, I awaited him at the window, but he came not. I learned from Schiller that he was seriously ill.

Eight or ten days after, he was better and came again to salute me. I was suffering, but still able to support myself. Many months were thus passed by him, as well as myself, in these alternations of better and worse.

CHAPTER LXXIII.

I was able to drag myself about until the eleventh of January, 1823. I rose in the morning with a slight head-ache, and a disposition to faint. My legs trembled, and my respiration was difficult.

Oroboni had also been sick for two or three days, and had not risen.

My soup was brought, of which I had scarcely tasted a spoonful, when I fell, deprived of sensation. Some time after, the sentinel of the corridor looked, by chance, through the wicket, and seeing me lying prostrate on the ground, and the pot overturned near me, he thought I was dead, and called Schiller.

The superintendent came also; the physician was immediately summoned, and I was put in bed. It was with difficulty I regained my consciousness.

The physician said that my life was in danger, and had my irons taken off. He prescribed for me some cordial, I know not what, but my stomach could retain nothing. The pain in my head increased terribly.

The governor was immediately informed of my illness, and he despatched a courier to Vienna, to know how I was to be treated. The reply was, not to place me in the infirmary, but to serve me in prison with the same care as if I were in the infirmary. Moreover, the superintendent was authorized to furnish me soup and broth from his kitchen, as long as the severity of my sickness continued.

This last provision was at first useless; no food or drink could be taken. My condition grew worse for a whole week, and I was in a raving delirium day and night.

Kral and Kubitzky were given me for attendants; both of whom served me with affection.

Every time that I came somewhat to my senses, Kral repeated to me: "Put your trust in God; God alone is good."

"Pray for me," said I, "not that he may restore me to health, but that he may accept my sufferings and my death in expiation of my sins."

He suggested that I should request the sacraments.

"If I have not requested them," I replied, "attribute it to the weakness of my head; but it will be a great consolation to me to receive them."

Kral reported my words to the superintendent, who sent the chaplain of the prison to me.

I confessed, received the communion, and then extreme unction. I was much pleased with this priest. His name was Sturm. The reflections he made upon the justice of God, the injustice of men, the duty of forgiveness, and the vanity of all worldly things, were by no means common-place. They bore the impress of a noble and cultivated understanding, and of a warm feeling of real love towards God and our neighbor.

CHAPTER LXXIV.

The effort of attention that I made, in order to receive the sacraments, seemed to exhaust my remaining strength; but, instead of that, it was beneficial, by throwing me into a lethargy of many hours, which gave me rest.

I awoke a little relieved, and seeing Schiller and Kral near me, I took their hands, and thanked them for their care.

Schiller said to me, "My eye is used to seeing the sick; I would bet that you will not die."

"And do you not think," said I, "that you are making for me a sad prediction?"

"No," he replied; "the miseries of life are great, it is true; but he who supports them with nobleness of soul, and with humility, always gains by living."

Afterwards, he added: "If you live, I hope you will, within a few days, have a great consolation. You have requested to see Signor Maroncelli?"

"I have begged it so many times in vain, that I no longer dare to hope for it?"

"Hope, hope, signor, and renew your request."

I renewed it, in fact, the same day. The superintendent likewise bade me hope, and added, that not only was it likely that Maroncelli could see me, but that he might even be given me as an attendant, and henceforth remain my inseparable companion.

As all the prisoners of state had their health more or less broken, the governor had asked permission from Vienna to put us two and two, so that one could be a support to the other.

I had also begged the favor of writing a last adieu to my family.

Towards the end of the second week a crisis occurred in my malady, and the danger disappeared.

I was beginning to get up, when, one morning, my door opened, and I saw the superintendent, Schiller and the doctor enter in high spirits. The first ran up to me, and said: "We have permission to give you Maroncelli for a companion, and to let you write a letter to your relations."

Joy took away my breath, and the poor superintendent, who, in the impetuosity of a good heart, had failed in prudence, believed me lost.

When I recovered my senses, and recollected the announcement I had heard, I begged them not to defer so great a blessing to me. The physician consented, and Maroncelli was conducted to my arms.

Oh, what a moment was that! "You are yet alive!" we both exclaimed. "Oh, my friend! Oh, my brother! What a happy day we are again permitted to see! God be praised for it!"

But to our joy, boundless as it was, there was joined a boundless compassion. Maron-

celli must have been less struck at finding me so broken: he knew what a severe illness I had just passed through. But I, even while thinking of what he must have suffered, had not imagined him so changed from what he was. I scarcely recognized him. That countenance, formerly so handsome, so blooming, was wasted with suffering, with hunger, and the bad air of his gloomy dungeon.

It was, nevertheless, a great comfort to see, to hear each other, and to be, at last, inseparably united. Oh, how many things we had to communicate, to recall, to repeat to one another! What sweetness in weeping together! What harmony in all our ideas! What satisfaction to find ourselves agreeing on the subject of religion; both hating ignorance and barbarity, yet hating no man, pitying the ignorant and cruel, and praying for them!

CHAPTER LXXV.

A SHEET of paper and an inkstand were brought to me, that I might write to my friends.

As the permission had, strictly speaking, been given to a dying man, who wished to send his last farewell to his family, I feared that my letter would not be despatched if it contained anything else. I confined myself to entreating my parents, my brothers and sisters, with the most tender earnestness, to resign themselves to my lot, protesting to them that I was myself resigned to it.

This letter was, nevertheless, sent, as I afterwards learned, when, after so many years, I revisited the paternal roof. It was the only one which my beloved parents were able to receive from me during the long period of my imprisonment. I never received any from them; those which they wrote to me were always stopped at Vienna. My companions in misfortune were likewise deprived of intercourse with their families.

We many times requested the favor of having at least paper and ink to pursue our studies, and of employing our money to purchase books. We were never listened to.

The governor, nevertheless, continued to let us read our books.

We were indebted to his kindness also for some improvement in our diet; but, alas! it did not last long. He had consented that our food, instead of being prepared in the kitchen of the steward of the prisons, should be furnished from that of the superintendent. Some additional funds had been set apart by him for that purpose. These arrangements were not confirmed; but, as long as the favor lasted, I experienced great relief from it. Maroncelli also recovered a little strength. For the unfortunate Oroboni, it was too late!

The latter had had, at first, Solera, the advocate, for a companion, and afterwards the priest D. Fortini.

When we were placed two and two in all the cells, the prohibition to speak from our windows was renewed, accompanied with the menace, that whoever dared to infringe it, should be again consigned to solitude. To tell the truth, we violated the prohibition sometimes by saluting each other; but we never had any long conversations.

The disposition of Maroncelli was in perfect harmony with my own. The courage of one sustained that of the other. If one of us fell into a fit of despondency, or of anger against the rigors of our situation, the other cheered him by some pleasantry or seasonable reflections. A sweet smile almost always soothed our troubles.

As long as we had books, although we had read them so often that we knew them by heart, they formed a sweet pasture for the mind, as they were ever the subject of new examinations, new comparisons, new judgments, and new corrections. We read or meditated a great part of the day in silence, and devoted the time of dinner, that of the promenade, and all the evening, to conversation.

Maroncelli, in his dungeon, had composed many verses of great beauty. He recited them to me, and composed others. I composed some likewise, and recited them to

him, and our memory was exercised to retain all. Wonderful was the facility which we acquired, of composing long poems by heart, of polishing and repolishing them a great number of times, and of bringing them to the same degree of possible perfection that we could have done by writing them. In this manner, Maroncelli composed, little by little, and retained in memory many thousand verses, lyrical and epic. I composed the tragedy of *Leoniero da Dertona*, and various other things.

CHAPTER LXXVI.

Oroboni, after having suffered much during the winter and spring, became in summer still worse. He spit blood, and was affected with dropsy.

I leave it to be imagined what was our affliction, when he was dying so near us, without our being able to break through that cruel wall which prevented us from seeing him, and giving him our friendly attentions!

Schiller brought us news of him. The unfortunate young man suffered dreadfully; but never lost his courage. He received spiritual aid from the chaplain, who, fortunately, knew French.

He died on the 13th of June, 1823. Some hours before he expired, he spoke of his father, now eighty years old, was deeply affected, and wept. Afterwards he resumed, saying: "But why do I weep for the most fortunate of my friends, since he is on the eve of rejoining me in the abodes of eternal peace?"

His last words were: "I forgive my enemies from my heart."

D. Fortini closed his eyes; he had been his friend from childhood, and was a man wholly devoted to religion and charity.

Poor Oroboni! What icy coldness ran through our veins when we were told he was no more! And heard the voices and steps of those who came to take away his corpse! And saw from our window the cart that bore it to the grave-yard! The cart was drawn by two common convicts; four guards followed it. We accompanied the sad convoy with our eyes as far as the cemetery. It entered the enclosure, and stopped in one corner: there was the grave!

A few minutes after, the cart, the convicts, and guards returned: one of the latter was Kubitsky. He said to me (a noble thought, surprising in so coarse a man): "I have marked with precision the place of burial, in order that, if any relative or friend should one day obtain permission to take up the bones and carry them to his own country, it may be known where they lie."

How many times Oroboni had said to me, looking at the cemetery from his window: "I must habituate myself to the idea of going to rot yonder; yet I confess that that idea makes me shudder. It seems to me that one is not so well off buried in this country, as in our own dear peninsula."

Then he laughed, and said: "Childish notions! When a garment is worn out, and has to be laid aside, what matters it where it is thrown?"

At other times, he used to say: "I am preparing for death; but I should resign myself to it more willingly, on one condition: to enter, for a moment, under the paternal roof; to embrace the knees of my father; to hear one word of benediction, and to die!"

He sighed, and added: "If this cup cannot pass from me, O my God, thy will be done!"

The last morning of his life, he still said, kissing a crucifix that Kral presented to him: "Thou who wast a God, hadst nevertheless a horror of death, and saidst: *If it be possible, let this cup pass from me!* Pardon me if I say it also. But I repeat, too, thine other words: '*Nevertheless, not as I will, but as thou wilt.*'"

CHAPTER LXXVII.

After the death of Oroboni, I again fell sick. I believed I should soon go to rejoin my deceased friend; and I desired it. Yet could

I have separated from Maroncelli without regret?

Many a time, whilst he, seated upon his bed, read or composed verses, or, perhaps, feigned, like myself, to be occupied with such studies, yet was meditating upon our misfortunes, I looked at him sorrowfully, and said to myself: "How much more sad will be thy life when the breath of death shall have touched me; when thou shalt see me borne away from this chamber; when, gazing at the cemetery, thou shalt say; 'Silvio, too, is there!'" I was touched at the lot of the wretched survivor; and put up prayers that they might give him another companion, capable of appreciating him as I did, or that the Lord would prolong my torments, and leave me the sweet office of soothing those of this unfortunate, by sharing them.

I mention not how many times my maladies went and returned. The assistance that Maroncelli rendered me during their continuance was that of a most tender brother. He perceived when I did not care to talk, and then he kept silence; he saw when his words might administer solace, and then always found subjects suited to my frame of mind, sometimes cherishing it, and sometimes aiming, by degrees, to divert me from it. A more noble soul than his, I have never known; equal to his, very few. A great love of justice, great toleration, great confidence in human virtue and in the aids of Providence, a most lively sense of the beautiful in all the arts, an imagination rich in poetry, all the most amiable endowments of mind and heart, united to render him dear to me.

I did not forget Oroboni; each day I lamented his death; but often my heart rejoiced in the reflection that this beloved friend, freed from every evil, and happy in the bosom of his God, must rank in the number of his joys, that of seeing me with a friend no less affectionate than he.

A voice within my soul seemed to assure me that Oroboni was no longer in a state of expiation; nevertheless, I ceased not to pray for him. Many times I dreamed of seeing him, and thought he prayed for me; and I liked to persuade myself that those dreams were not the effect of chance, but real manifestations of him, which God permitted for the purpose of consoling me. I would appear ridiculous were I to describe the vividness of those dreams, and the real satisfaction they left me for whole days.

But my religious feelings, and my friendship for Maroncelli, alleviated more and more my afflictions. The only idea that terrified me, was the possibility that this unfortunate, with his health already so broken, though less threatening than mine, would precede me to the tomb. Every time that he was sick, I trembled; every time I saw him grow better, was a holiday for me.

The fear of losing him gave to my affection an ever-increasing strength; and the fear of losing me produced the same effect upon him. Ah! there is a great charm in that alternation of fear and hope for the only person that remains to us! Our lot was surely one of the most miserable to be found on earth, and yet our boundless esteem and love for each other formed a species of happiness, even in the midst of our sufferings, that we truly felt.

CHAPTER LXXVIII.

I SHOULD have desired that the chaplain, with whom I had been so much pleased at the time of my first illness, could be given us for a confessor, and that we could see him from time to time, without being seriously ill. But instead of giving this charge to him, the governor assigned to us an Augustine monk, named Father Baptista, until his nomination should be confirmed at Vienna, or another one appointed.

I feared to lose by the change; I was mistaken. Father Baptista was an angel of charity; his manners were courteous, and even elegant; he reasoned profoundly upon the duties of man.

We prayed him to visit us often. He came once a month, and oftener if he was able.

He brought us also some books, with the permission of the governor, and told us, in the name of his abbot, that the whole library of the convent was at our disposal. This would have been a great benefit to us if it had lasted. We profited by it, however, for several months.

After confession, he stopped a long time to converse with us, and his whole discourse showed a mind upright, dignified, passionately devoted to the greatness and holiness of man. We had the good fortune to enjoy his light and his friendship about a year, and he never belied himself. Never did a syllable make us suspect an intention of serving politics instead of his ministry; never did he fail of the most delicate attentions.

At first, to speak the truth, I distrusted him; I expected to see him employ the acuteness of his mind in unsuitable inquiries. Such distrust is but too natural in a prisoner of state; but what a relief we experience when it subsides; when we discover in the interpreter of God, no other zeal than that for the cause of God and humanity!

Father Baptista had a manner of administering consolation peculiar to himself, and very efficacious. I accused myself, for example, of transports of rage on account of the rigors of our prison discipline. He moralized a little on the virtue of suffering with calmness, and with a forgiving spirit; then, in the most vivid colors, he painted the miseries of conditions other than his own. He had lived much in town and country, had known the great and little, and meditated upon human injustice; he knew how to describe, to the life, the passions and habits of the various classes of society. Everywhere he showed me the powerful and the weak, oppressors and oppressed; everywhere the necessity of either hating our fellows, or of loving them with a generous indulgence and compassion. The instances that he related to remind me of the universality of unhappiness, and the good effects to be derived from it, had nothing singular, they were even quite common; but he told them in such concise and forcible language, that I could not but feel strongly the conclusions to be drawn from them.

Ah, yes! every time I heard those tender reproofs and noble counsels, I burned with the love of virtue; I no longer hated any one; I would have given my life for the meanest of my species; I blessed God for having made me a man.

Unhappy he, who knows not the sublimity of confession! Unhappy he, who, not to appear vulgar, thinks himself obliged to turn it into derision! Since every one knows that he ought to be good, it is not true that no benefit is gained from hearing it repeated, that our own reflections and suitable reading are sufficient. No! the living speech of a man has a power which neither reading nor reflection can have. The soul is more moved by it; the impressions it makes are deeper. In the language of a brother, there is a life and a suitableness which we shall often look for in vain, either in books or in our own thoughts.

CHAPTER LXXIX.

In the beginning of 1824, the superintendent, who had his office at one end of our corridor, removed to some other place; and those apartments, with others annexed to them, were converted into prisons. We comprehended, alas! that new prisoners of state were expected from Italy.

Soon, indeed, those condemned at a third trial arrived; all of them my friends or acquaintances. Oh, what was my sadness when I learned their names! Borsieri was one of my oldest friends. I had been attached to Confalonieri a shorter time, but I loved him with all my heart. If I could have averted their punishment and restored them to liberty by entering *carcere durissimo*, or any other imaginable torment, God knows I would have done it! I do not only say that I would give my life for them! Alas! what is it to give one's life? To suffer is far more!

I had then great need of Father Baptista; but he was no longer permitted to visit us.

New orders arrived for the maintenance of more severe discipline. The terrace that served us for a promenade was first surrounded with palisades in such a manner that no one could see us, not even from a distance, with telescopes; and thus we lost the magnificent view of the surrounding hills and the city which they commanded. This was not enough. To reach this terrace it was necessary, as I have said, to traverse the court, in which many persons had the opportunity of seeing us. For the purpose of hiding us from all eyes, we were deprived of this place of promenade, and had assigned to us an extremely small one that was contiguous to our corridor, and facing the west, like our rooms.

I cannot express how much this change of promenade distressed us. I have not mentioned all the consolations that we enjoyed in the place which was taken from us. The sight of the superintendent's children, their sweet embraces, where we had seen their suffering mother in her last days; a little chat with the blacksmith that lodged close by; the joyous songs and music of a corporal who played the guitar; and lastly, an innocent love—not mine nor that of my companion, but of a good Hungarian woman, the wife of a corporal, who sold fruit. She was taken with Maroncelli.

Already, before he had been put with me, he and the woman, seeing each other almost every day, had formed a little friendship between them. His mind was so honorable, so noble, so ingenuous, that he was entirely ignorant of having won the love of this compassionate creature, until I called his attention to it. He hesitated to believe me, and in the mere doubt that I was right, he resolved to show himself cold towards her; but his increased reserve, instead of extinguishing her love, appeared to augment it.

As the window of his room was elevated scarcely a cubit from the level of the terrace, she tripped round to our side under the pretext of spreading out some linen to the sun or attending to some other little matter, and there she stood to look at us; and if she found opportunity she opened a conversation.

Our poor guards, always tired from having slept little or none during the night, gladly seized the occasion of coming into that corner, where without being seen by their superiors, they could sit down upon the grass and take a nap. Maroncelli was then greatly embarrassed, so manifest was the love of the unfortunate woman. My embarrassment was still greater. Nevertheless such scenes, which would have been quite laughable if she had inspired us with a little respect, were for us serious, and I might say pathetic. The unhappy Hungarian had one of those physiognomies that infallibly indicate the habit of virtue and the desire of esteem. She was not handsome, but endowed with such an expression of gentleness, that the features of her face, though a little irregular, seemed to grow pretty at each smile, at each movement of the muscles.

If it were any part of my design to speak of love, many things would remain to be said of this unhappy and virtuous woman—now no more. But it suffices to have touched upon one of the rare events of our imprisonment.

CHAPTER LXXX.

These increasing rigors rendered our life each day more monotonous. How did the entire years of 1824, 1825, 1826 and 1827, pass with us? We were deprived of the use of our books which the governor had conditionally granted us. The prison became for us a veritable tomb in which not even the quietness of the tomb was left us. Every month, upon some day indeterminate, the director of police came to make a thorough examination, accompanied by a lieutenant and his guards. They stripped us naked, examined all the seams of our clothes, in fear that some paper or other thing might be kept concealed in them; they ripped open our straw beds to rummage the interior. Although nothing private could be found upon us, this visit, hostile and made by surprise,

and repeated without end, had something, I know not what, that irritated me, and every time threw me into a fever.

The preceding years had seemed so unhappy, and now I thought upon them with regret as a time of pleasing enjoyments. Where were those hours wherein I plunged into the study of the Bible or of Homer? By dint of reading Homer in the original, the slight knowledge of Greek that I possessed was increased, and I became passionately fond of that language. How much I regretted my not being able to continue the study of it. Dante, Petrarch, Shakspeare, Byron, Walter Scott, Schiller, Goethe, etc., of how many friends had I been robbed!

Amongst these I also counted some books of Christian knowledge, as Bourdaloue, Pascal, The Imitation of Christ, Philotheus, &c., books which, if read with a narrow and illiberal criticism, exulting at every defect of taste, at every feeble thought, are thrown down and not taken up again; but if they are read without malice, and without taking exceptions at weak places, they discover a high philosophy, that yields substantial nourishment to the heart and the understanding.

Some of these religious books were afterwards sent to us as a present by the Emperor, but with the absolute exclusion of all other kinds of books that promote literary pursuits.

This gift of ascetic books was obtained in 1825, by a Dalmatian confessor sent to us from Vienna, Father Stefano Panlowich, who was, two years after, made Bishop of Cattaro. To him also were we indebted for the privilege of attending mass, which hitherto had been refused to us, on the plea that we could not be conducted to church, and kept separate, two by two, as it was prescribed.

So great a separation being impracticable, we went to mass divided into three groups: one was placed in the organ gallery, another below, in such a manner that they could not be seen; and the third in a little oratory looking into the church by means of a grate.

Maroncelli and I had then, as companions, six convicts, who had been sentenced before us, with a prohibition against any conversation between the couples. Two of them had been my neighbors under the *Leads* of Venice. We were conducted by guards to the place assigned us, and after mass, were reconducted, each couple, to their prison. A capuchin came to say mass. The good man always closed the ceremonies by an *Oremus*, supplicating our deliverance from chains, during which his voice trembled with emotion. When he retired from the altar, he gave a compassionate glance to each of the three groups, sadly, and inclined his head in prayer.

CHAPTER LXXXI.

In 1825, Schiller was regarded as now too much enfeebled by the infirmities of old age, and the custody of other prisoners was committed to him, for whom so great a vigilance did not seem necessary. Oh, how deeply we regretted his removal, and how it grieved him to leave us!

His immediate successor was Kral; a man not inferior to him in kindness: but in a short time he likewise received another appointment, and his place was supplied by one who, without being bad, was cross, and a stranger to all show of affection.

These changes distressed me deeply. Schiller, Kral and Kubitzky, but particularly the two former, had taken care of us in our sickness as a father or brother might have done. Incapable of failing in their duty, they knew how to discharge it without hardheartedness. If there was a little rudeness in externals, it was nearly always involuntary, and was fully redeemed by the proofs of attachment which they evinced. I was sometimes angry with them, but how cordially they forgave me! how they labored to persuade us that they were not without affection for us, and how rejoiced they were in seeing that we were convinced of it, and that we regarded them as worthy men!

After Schiller's removal from us, he had been taken sick many times and had recovered. We had inquired after him with filial

anxiety. When he was convalescent, he sometimes came to walk under our window. We coughed to salute him, and he said to the sentinel, loud enough for us to hear: "*Da sind meine sohne!*" ("These are my children!")

Poor old man! how it pained me to see thee slowly dragging along thy sick body, and I not able to support thee with my arm!

Sometimes he sat down on the grass and read. They were books that he had lent to me. And that I might recognize them, he told their titles to the sentinel, or repeated some passages from them. These were generally almanac tales or other romances of little literary merit, but full of moral instruction.

After several attacks of apoplexy, he was carried to the military hospital. He was already in a very bad state, and in a short time he died. He possessed a few hundred florins, the fruit of his long savings; and had lent them to some of his companions in arms. When he perceived himself near his end, he sent for his friends and said to them: "I have no longer any relations; each of you keep what he has in his hands. I only ask of you to pray for me."

One of them had a daughter of eighteen, who was the god-daughter of Schiller. A few hours before his death, the good old man summoned her to his bedside. He was unable to articulate his words distinctly; he drew from his finger a silver ring, his last wealth, placed it on the finger of the maiden, and embraced her weeping. The poor girl cried aloud, and covered him with her tears. He wiped them from her eyes with his handkerchief; then taking her hands he placed them upon his eyes——those eyes were closed for ever!

CHAPTER LXXXII.

Thus human consolations continued to fail us one after another; and our hardships were ever on the increase. I resigned myself to the will of God, but my resignation was accompanied with groans; and my soul, instead of becoming inured to suffering, seemed to feel it each day more acutely.

A number of the Augsburg Gazette was one day privily brought to me, in which a very strange thing appeared concerning me, occasioned by one of my sisters having taken the veil.

It ran thus: "La signora Maria Angiola Pellico, daughter of, &c., &c., has this day taken the veil in the monastery of the Visitation at Turin. She is the sister of the author of *Francesca da Rimini*, Silvio Pellico, who has recently left the fortress of Spielberg, thanks to His Majesty the Emperor: an act of clemency truly worthy of so magnanimous a sovereign, and that fills all Italy with rejoicing, since, &c." Here followed a panegyric of myself.

I was at a loss to imagine why this fable of my pardon had been invented. That it was a mere diversion of the journalist did not seem probable. It was perhaps some stratagem of Austrian policy? Who knows? But the name, Maria Angiola, was precisely that of my youngest sister. It must, doubtless, have been copied from the Gazette of Turin into other journals. The excellent girl was then really made a nun! Ah, perhaps she has taken this step, because she has lost her parents! Poor girl! She was not willing that I alone should suffer the distresses of a prison: she also must needs immure herself. May the Lord give her the virtues of patience and self-denial, more than he has to me! How often in her cell will that angel think of me! How often will she perform hard penance, to obtain of God an alleviation of her brother's calamities!

These thoughts softened and wrung my heart. My misfortunes must have too surely tended to shorten the days of my father or mother, or perhaps of both! The more I thought of it, the more it seemed to me impossible that, without such a loss, my little Maria could have abandoned the paternal roof. This idea weighed upon me as if it were a certainty, and sunk me into the most painful depths of sorrow.

Maroncelli was no less moved than I was. Some days after, he set himself to compose a poetical lament upon the sister of the prisoner. The result was an exquisite little poem, breathing the spirit of grief and melancholy. When it was finished he recited it to me. Oh, how grateful I was to him for this mark of kindness! Among the many millions of verses hitherto composed on the subject of taking the veil, these were probably the only ones that were composed in prison for the brother of the nun, by a companion in irons. What a union of pathetic and pious ideas!

Thus did friendship sweeten my evils. Alas, from that moment, not a day passed that my thoughts did not wander a long time in a convent of maidens; that among them I did not contemplate one, and one alone, with the tenderest compassion; that I did not pray ardently to Heaven to embellish her solitude, and not permit her imagination to paint my prison to her in too horrible colors!

CHAPTER LXXXIII.

Let not the reader imagine, from my secretly receiving this gazette, that I often succeeded in procuring news of the world. No: all about me were good people, but all were bound by excessive fear. If some slight infraction of discipline happened, it was only when there appeared to be really no danger. And it was difficult for any to happen, in the midst of so many inspections, ordinary and extraordinary.

With the exception of the word just mentioned, in relation to my sister, it was never given me to receive in secret, any news of my dear friends so far from me.

My fear that my parents were no more, was rather augmented than diminished some time after, by the manner in which the director of police once came to announce to me that my family were well.

"His Majesty the Emperor," said he, "commands me to give you good news of all the relations you have at Turin."

I leaped with pleasure and surprise at this communication that was never made before, and demanded further particulars.

"I left at Turin," said I to the director, "a father and mother, brothers and sisters. Are they all living? Oh! if you have a letter from any of them, I entreat you to show it to me."

"I can show you nothing. You must content yourself with that. It is a further proof of kindness on the part of the emperor, to send such consoling words: it has not been done before for anybody."

"I agree that it is a proof of the kindness of the emperor, but you perceive how impossible it is for me to draw any consolation from words so vague. Which of my relations are well? Have I lost none of them?"

"I am sorry, sir, that I can tell you no more than has been set down for me."

And thereupon he withdrew.

It was certainly intended to afford me some consolation by this news. But I persuaded myself that the emperor, willing to yield to the entreaties of some of my relations, and allow this message to be brought, did not wish me to be shown a letter, that I might not discover which of my friends were no more.

Several months afterwards another message of the same kind was brought to me. No letter, no further explanation.

They saw that I was not satisfied with that, and that it only increased my afflictions, and never afterwards did they tell me anything of my family.

The thought that my parents were dead, and perhaps my brothers also, and Josephine my other dearly beloved sister; that little Maria, their only survivor, was, perhaps, going to fade away in the anguish of solitude and the hardships of penance, detached me more and more from life.

Sometimes when violently attacked by my ordinary maladies, or by new ones, such as dreadful colics, with extremely painful symptoms like those of *cholera morbus*, I hoped that I might die; yes, that is the very word; *I hoped.*

And still (oh, the contradictions of man!)

when I cast a glance at my languishing friend, my heart was wrung at the idea of leaving him alone, and again I desired to live.

CHAPTER LXXXIV.

Three different times, personages of high rank came from Vienna to visit our prisons, to assure themselves that there was no abuse of discipline. The first was the Baron Von Münch, who, moved to pity by the little daylight we enjoyed, promised to present a petition to have our day lengthened, by suspending a lantern for several hours of the evening on the outside of our wicket. His visit took place in 1825. A year afterwards his charitable purpose was effected; and thus by favor of this sepulchral light, we could thenceforth see the walls, and walk without breaking our heads.

The second visit was that of the Baron Von Vogel. He found me in a deplorable state of health, and learning that the physician, although he thought coffee would be good for me, dared not order it, because it was an article of luxury, he spoke a word of consent in my favor, and the coffee was ordered.

The third visit was that of, I know not what other lord of the court, a man fifty or sixty years old, who showed us, by his manners and his words, the most generous compassion. He was able to do nothing for us, but the sweet expression of his kindness was a benefit, and we were grateful to him.

Oh what an ardent longing does the prisoner feel to see the beings of his own species! The Christian religion, so rich in humanity, has not forgotten to place *the visiting of prisoners* among the number of the works of mercy. The sight of men who sympathize in your misfortunes, even when they have no greater means of assuaging them, soothes and consoles you.

Absolute solitude may contribute to reform some minds; but I believe that, in general, it will effect much more when it is not carried to extremes, when it is combined with some contact with society. At least that is the case with me. If I do not see my fellow men, I concentrate my love upon too small a number of them, and remain indifferent to the rest; if I can see, I will not say many, but a reasonable number of them, I feel a love for the whole human race.

A thousand times I have discovered my heart so entirely devoted to a few individuals, and so filled with hatred for others, that I was frightened. Then I went to the window, sighing to behold some new face; and deemed myself happy if the sentinel did not pass too near the wall; if he was at such a distance that I could see him; if he raised his head when he heard me cough, and had a pleasing countenance. When I seemed to discover in it a feeling of pity, I was seized with a sweet palpitation, as if that unknown soldier had been an intimate friend. If he moved away, I awaited his return with affectionate anxiety, and if he returned and looked at me, I rejoiced as if it were a great act of charity. If he passed no more in such a manner that I could see him, I remained mortified like a man in love, who discovers that his adored does not care for him.

CHAPTER LXXXV.

In the cell adjoining ours, formerly occupied by Oroboni, were now D. Marco Fortini and Signor Antonio Villa. The latter, once powerful as Hercules, suffered excessively from hunger during the first year, and when he was allowed more food he was unable to digest it. He languished a long time, till, reduced almost to the last extremity, he obtained the favor of a more airy prison. The unwholesome atmosphere of a narrow sepulchre was, doubtless, to him, as to all the rest, most pernicious. But the remedy he had prayed for was insufficient. In that large chamber he lingered on a few months, then, after several vomitings of blood, he died.

He was assisted by his fellow-prisoner, D. Fortini, and the Abbé Paulowick, who had come from Vienna in all haste, when Villa was discovered to be near death.

Although I had not attached myself to him so closely as to Oroboni, still his death was for me a great affliction. I knew that he was tenderly loved by his parents and his wife. As to him, he was more to be envied than mourned; but the survivors!

He had also been my neighbor under the *Leads;* Tremerello had brought me some verses of his, and had carried to him some of mine. Sometimes his poems were pervaded by a vein of deep feeling.

Learning from the guards after his death, what cruel sufferings he had endured, I seemed to be more strongly attached to him than while he lived. The unhappy man was unable to resign himself to death, although he was devotedly pious. He felt the greatest degree of horror of that awful change, yet ceased not to bless the Lord and cry to him with tears: "I am not able, O my God, to conform my will to thine, though I desire to do it; work in me this miracle!"

He had not the courage of Oroboni, but he imitated him in declaring that he forgave his enemies.

At the end of that year (1826), we heard one evening, in the passage, the ill-suppressed noise of many persons walking. Our ears had become well skilled in distinguishing sounds of all kinds. A door opened, which we recognized as that of the advocate Solera. Another opened; it was Fortini's. Among several voices speaking low we distinguished that of the Director of Police. What can it be? An examination at such a late hour? And why?

Presently they came out again into the corridor; when, lo! the voice of the good Fortini: "*O povereto mi!* excuse me, I have forgotten a volume of my breviary."

And he ran quickly to fetch the volume, and soon rejoined the little party. The door of the stairway was opened; we listened to their steps until they reached the bottom: we comprehended that those two had been so fortunate as to receive their pardon; and although it grieved us not to follow them, we rejoiced at their happiness.

CHAPTER LXXXVI.

Was the deliverance of these two companions without any consequence to us? How did they gain their freedom, who, like ourselves, had been condemned, one to twenty, and the other to fifteen years of imprisonment; and why did not this favor shine upon us and many others? Did more serious obstacles exist, then, against those not liberated? or could this be a plan of pardoning all, but with brief intervals between them, two at a time? Perhaps every month? perhaps every two or three months?

Thus for some time we remained in doubt. More than three months elapsed, and no other liberation took place. Towards the end of 1827, we thought that December might have been fixed upon for the day of grace; but December passed, and nothing happened.

Our hope was protracted till the summer of the year 1828, at which time would expire my seven years and a half of imprisonment, equivalent to fifteen, according to the words of the Emperor, counting from the time of my arrest. But if the time taken up by the trial should not be included (which supposition was the most probable), and the computation should be made from the public announcement of my sentence, the seven years and a half would not expire till some time in the year 1829.

All the periods fixed upon by our reckonings passed by, and no pardon came. Meanwhile, even before the departure of Solera and Fortini, there came a tumor upon the left knee of my poor friend Maroncelli. At the commencement, the pain was slight, and only caused him to walk lame; then he had difficulty in dragging his chain, and rarely went out to walk. One morning in autumn, he desired to go out with me and breathe a little fresh air; snow had already fallen, and in an un-

lucky moment, when I was not supporting him, he stumbled and fell. The blow immediately caused the pain in the knee to become acute. We carried him to his bed, for he could no longer stand up. When the physician came, he at last determined to take off his irons. The tumor grew worse every day, attaining an enormous size, and becoming more and more painful. The torments of the poor sufferer were such that he could neither find rest in his bed nor out of it.

When it was necessary for him to be moved, to rise, or go to bed, I had to take hold of the diseased leg with the utmost delicacy, and carry it very gently in the way which was agreeable to him. Sometimes, from making the slightest change of position, he suffered convulsions a quarter of an hour.

Leeches, cauteries, caustics, poultices, dry and wet—everything was tried by the physician. They produced an increase of suffering, and nothing more. After the application of caustics, suppuration took place. The tumor became one entire sore; but it never grew less, never did the suppuration bring any relief to his pain.

Maroncelli was a thousand times more unhappy than I was; and yet, how I suffered with him! The cares of a nurse were pleasant to me in attending so worthy a friend. But to see him thus perishing, amid such long excruciating tortures, and not be able to restore him to health; to foresee that that knee could never be cured; to perceive that the sick man regarded his death as more probable than his recovery, and to be compelled to admire his courage and serenity—oh! it gave me inexpressible anguish!

CHAPTER LXXXVII.

In this deplorable condition he composed poetry, sung, and conversed; he did everything to blind my eyes, and conceal from me a part of his sufferings. He could neither digest his food nor sleep; he became frightfully emaciated, and had frequent fainting fits; and still, at times he recovered his powers and reanimated my courage.

What he suffered during nine long months beggars description. At last, a consultation was granted. The chief physician came, approved all that the doctor had tried, and went away without giving his opinion upon the disease, and what remained to be done.

A moment after, the deputy superintendent came in, and said to Maroncelli: "The physician-in-chief did not venture to explain himself here in your presence; he was afraid you had not strength to hear him announce the cruel necessity. I assured him that you had no lack of courage."

"I hope," said Maroncelli, "that I have given sufficient proof of that, in enduring these tortures without complaint. Can it be proposed to—— ?"

"Yes, signor, to perform an amputation. Only the physician, seeing the exhausted state of your body, hesitates to advise it. Do you feel yourself, in your present weakness, capable of supporting the amputation? Are you willing to risk the danger?"

"Of dying? And shall I not equally die in a short time, if they do not put an end to these torments?"

"We shall then immediately make a report of the whole affair to Vienna, and as soon as the permission to amputate shall have come"——

"What! is there need of a permission?"

"Yes, signor."

At the end of eight days the expected permission arrived. The sick man was carried into a larger chamber; he requested that I might come with him.

"I might die under the operation," said he; "let me at least die in the arms of my friend." My company was granted.

The Abbé Urba, our confessor (who had succeeded Paulowick), came to administer the sacraments to the unfortunate man. This religious duty over, we waited for the surgeons, who had not yet come. Maroncelli commenced singing a hymn.

At length the surgeons made their appearance: there were two of them. One was the

ordinary surgeon of the establishment, that is to say, our barber, who, when an operation was to be performed, had the right of doing it with his own hand, and was unwilling to yield the honor to any other. The other was a young surgeon, brought up in the school of Vienna, and already enjoying the reputation of great abilities. The latter, sent by the governor to assist at and direct the operation, would have wished to perform it himself; but he was obliged to content himself with watching its execution.

The patient was seated upon the edge of the bed, with his legs hanging down; I held him in my arms. Above the knee, where the thigh began to be sound, a ligature was bound, to mark the circle which the knife was to follow. The old surgeon made an incision all round, to the depth of an inch; then he turned back the skin thus cut, and continued to operate upon the naked muscles. The blood flowed in torrents from the arteries, but they were soon tied with a thread of silk. At last he sawed the bone.

Maroncelli uttered not a cry. When he saw them carry away his leg, dissevered, he gave it a look of compassion; then turning to the operator, he said: "You have delivered me from an enemy, and I have no means of rewarding you."

There was a rose in a glass standing upon the window.

"I pray thee bring me that rose," said he to me.

I brought it to him, and he presented it to the old surgeon, saying to him: "I have nothing else to offer you in testimony of my gratitude."

He took the rose, and wept.

CHAPTER LXXXVIII.

The surgeons had supposed that the infirmary of Spielberg was provided with all that was necessary, except the instruments which they brought. But the amputation being finished, they discovered that various indispensable articles were wanting: sticking-plaster, ice, bandages, etc.

The mutilated sufferer had to wait two hours, till all this could be brought from the city. At length he was able to straighten himself upon the bed, and the ice was applied to the stump.

The next day they removed the clots of blood which had formed upon it, washed it, drew forward the skin, and put on the bandages.

For many days nothing was given to the patient but half a tea-cup of broth with the yellow of an egg beaten. When the danger of the vulnerary fever was past, they began by degrees to reinvigorate him with more nutritious aliments. The emperor had given orders that he should be supplied with good food from the superintendent's kitchen, until he had regained his strength.

The cure was wrought in forty days; after which we were returned to our former cell. This had been enlarged by making an opening in the wall and thus uniting it to the room formerly occupied by Oroboni, and afterwards Villa.

I removed my bed to the same spot where Oroboni's had been, and where he died. This identity of place was dear to me; I seemed to be brought nearer to him. I frequently dreamed of him, and it appeared to me that his spirit really visited me, and calmed my mind with heavenly consolations.

The terrible sight of so great torments suffered by Maroncelli previous to the amputation of his leg, as well as during and after the operation, fortified my soul. God, who had granted me sufficient health throughout the time of his sickness, because my attentions were necessary to him, deprived me of it as soon as he could support himself on crutches.

I had several glandular tumors that were excessively painful. From these I recovered, but they were succeeded by pains in the breast, such as I had formerly experienced, yet now more suffocating than ever, and also by vertigo and spasmodic dysentery.

"My turn is come," said I to myself; "shall I be less patient than my companion?"

I studied, therefore, as far as I was able, to imitate his virtue.

Every human condition has, doubtless, its peculiar duties. Those of the sick are, patience, courage, and making all possible efforts not to be disagreeable to those about them.

Maroncelli with his poor crutches, no longer possessed the agility of other times, and he was much troubled at it, fearing that he should not serve me so promptly. He feared, moreover, that for the purpose of sparing him motion and fatigue, I would not have recourse to his assistance as often as I had need.

This, in truth, sometimes happened, but I endeavored that he should not perceive it.

Although he had recovered his strength, he was not, on that account, exempt from pain. Like all persons who had suffered amputation, he experienced painful sensations in the nerves, as if the part cut off still existed. He felt pains in the foot, the leg and the knee, which he had no more. In addition to this, the bone had been badly sawn, and piercing the new flesh, it produced frequent wounds. It was about a year before the stump was so far hardened as not to open again.

CHAPTER LXXXIX.

But new evils assailed the wretched man, almost without intermission. At first he had an arthritis, commencing with the joints of the hands, and torturing his whole body for many months; and after that the scurvy. This last scourge covered his body in a short time with livid spots, which rendered it frightful.

I sought to console myself with the thought: since we have got to die here, it is better for one of us to be taken with the scurvy; it is a contagious disease and will carry us to the grave, if not together, at least within a short space of time of each other.

We both prepared ourselves for death and were calm. Nine years of imprisonment and great sufferings, had at length made us familiar with the idea of the total destruction of two bodies so broken, and so much in want of repose. Our souls trusted in the goodness of God, hoping to be re-united in a place where all the resentment of men ceases, and where we prayed that we might one day meet, in reconciliation, those who loved us not.

In former years, the scurvy had made dreadful havoc in these prisons. The government learning that Maroncelli was attacked by this terrible malady, dreaded a new epidemic, and consented to the demand of the physician, who declared that no remedy would be efficacious for Maroncelli but the open air, and advised that he should remain in doors as little as possible. As his roommate and being myself sick of cachexy, I enjoyed the same privilege,

We remained out of doors all the time that the promenade was not occupied by others, that is, from half an hour before day for a couple of hours, then during dinner-time, if we liked, and after that, three hours in the afternoon until after sunset. So much for ordinary days. On festival days the prisoners were not allowed to walk, and we stayed out from morning to night, except during dinner.

Another unfortunate, about seventy years old, whose health was entirely ruined, was added to our company, in the hope that the pure air might help him. His name was Constantino Munari, an amiable old man, passionately fond of literary and philosophical pursuits, and whose society was a source of great pleasure to us.

Should the time of my imprisonment be computed, not from the time of my arrest, but from that of my condemnation, the seven and a half years would end in 1829, in the early part of July, dating from the signature of the Emperor, or on the 22d of August dating from the day the sentence was made public.

But this period, too, passed, and all hope was extinguished.

Until then, Maroncelli, Munari, and myself sometimes entertained the thought of again

seeing the world, our dear Italy, and our relations; and it was the subject of conversations full of regret, piety and love.

August, September, in fine the whole year passed, and we made up our minds to hope for nothing more upon earth, except the unalterable continuance of our mutual friendship, and the assistance of God worthily to complete the remainder of our great sacrifice.

Friendship and religion are two inestimable blessings; they embellish even the hours of the prisoner, upon whom the probability of pardon has ceased to shine! God is truly with the unhappy;—with the unhappy who love him!

CHAPTER XC.

After the death of Villa and the departure of the Abbé Paulowick, who had been created Bishop, we received as our confessor the Abbé Urba, a Moravian, Professor of the New Testament at Brünn, and a distinguished scholar of the *Instituto sublime* at Vienna.

This institute is a congregation founded by the celebrated Frint, at that time chaplain of the court. The members of this congregation are all priests, who have already received their degrees in theology, and who pursue their studies there under severe discipline, in order to reach the highest eminence of knowledge attainable. The intention of the founder was indeed noble: that of a perpetual diffusion of true and sound learning among the Catholic clergy of Germany; and this object is pretty generally attained.

Urba, residing at Brünn, could give us a larger share of his time than Paulowick. He became to us what father Baptista had been, except that he was not permitted to lend us books. We often held long conferences together, which were beneficial to my piety, or at least seemed to be so, and which afforded me the greatest comfort.

In the year 1829 he had a fit of sickness, and being afterwards obliged to enter upon other engagements, he could no longer visit us. This grieved us deeply; but we had the good fortune to receive in his stead, the abbé Ziak, vicar, another learned and distinguished man.

Among the many German ecclesiastics assigned to us, we did not find a single bad one; not one whom we could discover willing to become the instrument of politics (a thing so easy to detect), not one, on the contrary, who did not unite in himself great learning, profound philosophy and a fearless profession of the Catholic faith. Oh, how worthy of respect are such ministers of the Church!

The few that I was acquainted with gave me an extremely favorable opinion of the German Catholic clergy.

The abbé Ziak also held long conferences with us. His example taught me how to bear my sufferings with calmness. Though tormented by constant diseases of the teeth, the throat, the ears, his face was never without a smile.

Meanwhile, under the influences of the open air, the scurvy spots of Maroncelli gradually disappeared; Munari and myself were, likewise, much better.

CHAPTER XCI.

The first day of August, 1830, appeared. Ten years had rolled round since I had lost my liberty; eight years and a half I had endured the *carcere duro*.

It was Sunday. We went, as on other festivals, into the usual enclosure. Again we looked from the little wall at the valley beneath us, and the cemetery where Oroboni and Villa reposed; again we spoke of the rest which our bones would one day find there. We sat down again upon our accustomed bench to wait for the coming of the poor female convicts to their mass, which was said before our own. They were conducted into the same little oratory where we went for the

following mass. It was close by the promenade.

It is the custom in Germany, for the people to sing the hymns during mass, in a living language. As the empire of Austria is a country having a mixed population of Germans and Sclavonians, and, as in the prisons of Spielberg, most of the ordinary convicts belong to one or the other of these races, the hymns at one service are sung in the German language, and at the other in the Sclavonic. So, also, two sermons are preached at each service, employing these two languages alternately. It was an exquisite pleasure for us to listen to these chants, accompanied by the organ.

Among the women there were some whose voices went to the heart. Unhappy creatures! Some of them were very young. Love, jealousy, evil example, had drawn them into crime! I heard again vibrating in my soul, their pathetic chant of the Sanctus: Heilig! heilig! heilig! and again I shed a tear in listening to it.

At ten o'clock the women retired, and we in our turn went to the mass. Once more I saw those of my companions in misfortune who heard mass in the organ gallery, from whom a grate only divided us, all pale, thin, and dragging with pain the weight of their irons.

After mass we returned to our cells. A quarter of an hour after, our dinner was brought. We made ready our table, which consisted in placing a board upon the bed, and taking our wooden spoons, when Mr. Weyrath, the deputy superintendent, entered our prison.

"I am very sorry to interrupt your dinner, gentlemen," said he, "but have the kindness to follow me, the director of the police is outside."

As the latter usually came for disagreeable purposes, such as searches or examinations, we followed the good deputy in very bad humor to the hall of audience.

There we found the director of police and the superintendent; the first bowed to us more politely than usual.

He took a paper in his hand, and with words interrupted, as if afraid of producing too sudden a surprise if he expressed himself more clearly, he said:

"Gentlemen—I have the pleasure—I have the honor—to announce to you—that his majesty the emperor has again granted—a favor—"

And he hesitated to tell us what favor it was. We thought it might be some alleviation of punishment, such as exemption from the vexation of labor, having more books, or less disgusting food.

"But you do not comprehend?" said he.

"No, signor. Have the goodness to explain what kind of favor you mean."

"Liberty for you both and a third one, whom you will embrace directly."

It would seem that this news ought to have transported us with joy. But our thoughts reverted to our relations, of whom we had heard nothing for so long a time, and the apprehension of seeing them no more on earth took such possession of our minds as to destroy the pleasure which the announcement of our freedom was calculated to give us.

"You are mute!" said the director of police. "I expected to see you exulting with joy."

"I pray you," I replied, "to make known our gratitude to the emperor; but if we get no news of our families, it is impossible not to fear that we have lost our dearest friends. This uncertainty weighs upon us even at the moment which should be that of the greatest joy."

He then gave to Maroncelli a letter from his brother, which consoled him. He told me there was none from my family, and this made me still more afraid that some calamity had befallen them.

"Return to your room," he continued, "and I will shortly send you the third man who has likewise been pardoned."

We withdrew and awaited this third person with anxiety. We could have wished that all had been pardoned, yet there could be but one. Would it were poor old Munari! or such, or such an one! There was none in behalf of whom we did not offer prayers.

At length the door opened and we saw that our companion was Andrea Tonelli, of Brescia.

We embraced each other. Our appetite for dinner was gone. We conversed until evening, compassionating the friends that remained.

At sunset the director of police returned to take us out of that wretched abode. Our hearts uttered a groan as we passed by the cells of so many that we loved, without the power to take them with us. Who knows how long they must still languish there? Who knows how many of them are to be the prey of a lingering death?

A soldier's cloak was thrown round the shoulders of each of us, and a cap placed on our heads, and thus with our galley-slave clothes, but freed from our chains, we descended the fatal hill and were led into the city to the police prison.

It was a beautiful moonlight. The streets, the houses, the people that we met, all appeared so charming and so strange, after the many years since I had enjoyed such a sight!

CHAPTER XCII.

In the police prison we waited for an imperial commissary that was to come from Vienna to accompany us to the frontiers. Meanwhile, as our trunks had been sold, we provided ourselves with clothes and linen, and doffed our prison costume.

At the end of five days the commissary arrived, and the director of police consigned us to him, at the same time refunding the money that we had brought to Spielberg, together with that derived from the sale of our trunks and books; which money was afterwards restored to us at the frontiers.

The expense of our journey was borne by the emperor, and nothing was spared.

The commissary was Mr. Von Noe, a gentleman attached to the secretary's office of the minister of police. There could not have been given us a person of more finished education. He always treated us with the utmost respect.

I left Brünn laboring under a great difficulty of breathing, and the motion of the carriage so much increased the evil, that at evening I panted in a frightful manner, and it was feared that I would suffocate from one minute to the other. I had, besides, a burning fever all night, and the commissary doubted, on the following morning, whether I could continue my journey to Vienna. I said yes, and we set out. My suffering was violent in the extreme; I could neither eat, drink, nor speak.

I reached Vienna half dead. A good lodging was given us at the head quarters of the police. They put me to bed and sent for a physician, who ordered bleeding, from which I experienced great relief. The most rigid diet and great quantities of digitalis, were my only regimen for eight days, and I recovered. The physician was Dr. Singer; his attentions to me were truly those of a friend.

I had the greatest anxiety to set off, and the more so, that the news of *the three days* at Paris had reached us.

The emperor had signed the decree of our release on the very day the revolution broke out. He would not certainly revoke it now; but it was not unlikely, that since the times were becoming so critical for all Europe, he might fear popular movements in Italy also, and might be unwilling, at that crisis, to let us return to our country. We were fully persuaded that we should not return to Spielberg, but we feared that some one would suggest to the emperor the idea of transferring us to some city of the empire, remote from the peninsula.

I affected to be better than I was in reality, and begged them to urge our departure. I had in the mean time the most ardent desire to be presented to his excellency, the Count di Pralormo, envoy from the court of Turin to that of Austria, to whose kindness I knew I had become greatly indebted. He had exerted himself with the most generous and constant assiduity to obtain my liberty. But the prohibition to see no one whatever, admitted of no exception.

Scarcely was I convalescent, when a carriage was kindly sent us for several days, to take a few turns through Vienna. The commissary was obliged to accompany us, and not allow us to speak with any one. We saw the

beautiful church of St. Stephen, the delicious promenades of the city, the neighboring villa of Lichtenstein, and lastly, the imperial villa of Schoenbrünn.

Whilst we were in the magnificent avenues of Schoenbrünn, the emperor happened to pass, and the commissary made us retire lest the sight of our emaciated bodies might sadden him.

CHAPTER XCIII.

At length we left Vienna, and I was able to bear up as far as Bruck. There my asthma returned with all its violence. We called a physician; it was a Mr. Jüdman, a man of great merit. He ordered me to be bled, to remain in bed, and to continue the digitalis. Two days after I insisted on continuing our journey.

We travelled through Austria and Styria, and entered into Carinthia, without anything new; but, on arriving at a village called Feldkirchen, a little distance from Klagenfurth, we were overtaken by a countermand. We were to stop there until further notice.

I leave the reader to imagine how unpleasant this event was to us; I had, besides, the chagrin of having been the cause of disappointment to my two companions; if they were unable to reach their country, my fatal malady was the cause.

We remained five days at Feldkirchen, where the commissary did his best to amuse us. There was a little theatre of poor comedians, whither he conducted us. He treated us one day to the sight of a chase. Our host, with several young men of the country, and the proprietor of a fine woodland, were the hunters, and we, stationed at a convenient point, enjoyed the spectacle.

A courier came, at length, from Vienna, with an order to the commissary to conduct us to our destination. I rejoiced with my companions at this happy news; but, at the same time, I trembled to think that the day of, to me, fatal discovery was approaching, when I should learn that I had no longer either father or mother, and was bereaved of who knows what other dear friends!

My sadness increased in proportion as we approached Italy.

On that side, the entrance to it is not agreeable to the eye. From the beautiful mountains of Germany, you descend into the plains of Italy, for a long distance sterile and uninteresting; so that some travellers, who happen to pass along there before they know our peninsula, laugh at the magnificent idea they had conceived of it, and suspect they have been duped by those who have given them such brilliant descriptions of it.

The savageness of the country contributed to render me still more sad. To see our heavens again, to meet human faces not bearing the characteristics of the north, to hear the words of our language from all lips, deeply affected me; but it was an emotion which inclined me to tears rather than joy. How often, in the carriage, did I cover my face with my hands and weep, while pretending to sleep! How often, tossing with a burning fever, have I not closed my eyes during the night; sometimes uttering benedictions, with my whole soul, upon my beloved Italy, and thanking Heaven for restoring me to it; sometimes tormenting myself at having received no news from home, and imagining unreal misfortunes; and again reflecting that, in a short time, I should be forced to separate, perhaps, for ever, from a friend who had suffered so much with me, and had given me so many proofs of fraternal affection!

Ah! so many years of burial had not extinguished my power to feel; but this energy was so small for joy, so great for grief!

How I should have liked to see Udine again, and that inn where those two generous friends had taken the disguise of servants, and secretly pressed our hands!

We passed that city, leaving it on our left.

CHAPTER XCIV.

Pordenone, Conegliano, Ospedaletto, Vicenza, Verona, Mantua, recalled many associations. The first of these was the native place of a young man of merit, who had been my friend, and who had perished in the wars of Russia. Conegliano was the country, as the *secondini* of the Leads told me, where Zanse had been sent. At Ospedaletto, an angelic, but unhappy, creature had been married; she is dead now, but I had long revered her, and did so still. All these places, in short, awakened remembrances more or less dear; and Mantua more than any other. It appeared to me but yesterday, that I had come there with Ludovico, in 1815; only yesterday that I had come with Porro, in 1820! The same streets, the same squares, the same palaces, yet how great the changes in society! how many of my acquaintances removed by death! how many exiled! a generation arrived at manhood whom I had seen in their infancy! And to be unable to run to this or that house, or speak of such or such an one to anybody!

And, for a climax to my sorrow, Mantua was the point at which Maroncelli and I were to separate. We passed a night there, both extremely sad. I was agitated as a man upon the eve of his condemnation.

In the morning, I washed my face, and looked in the glass to see if any one could discover that I had been weeping. I put on, as much as I could, a serene and smiling air: I addressed a short prayer to God, but it was, in truth, much distracted; and hearing Maroncelli already moving his crutches and speaking to the servant, I went to embrace him. Both of us seemed full of courage for this separation; we spoke with a little emotion, but with a steady voice. The officer of the guard, who was to take him to the frontier of Romagna, had come; he was obliged to go; we hardly knew what to say to each other; an embrace, a kiss, and still another embrace. He mounted the carriage, and disappeared; I remained like one annihilated.

Returning to my chamber, I threw myself on my knees, and interrupted by tears and sobs, I poured forth a prayer for the poor mutilated fellow, now separated from his friend.

I have known many distinguished men, but none more affectionately social than Maroncelli; no one who better understood all the niceties of politeness; who was more exempt from fits of ill-humor; who was more constantly mindful that virtue is composed of the continual exercise of forbearance, of generosity, and of the judgment. Oh, my companion in so many years of suffering, may the blessings of Heaven attend thee wherever thou art, and give thee friends that equal me in affection, and surpass me in goodness!

CHAPTER XCV.

We left Mantua the same morning for Brescia, where my other fellow-prisoner, Andrea Tonelli, was set at liberty. The unhappy man there learned that he had lost his mother, and his tears and despair wrung my heart.

Although I was oppressed with anguish from so many causes, the following incident forced me to laugh.

Upon the table of the inn was a bill of the theatre; I took it up and read: "*Francesca da Rimini, opera*, etc."

"Whose opera is this?" said I to the waiter.

"Who has put it into verse, and set it to music, I do not know," he answered; "but, in substance, it is still the same *Francesca da Rimini*, that everybody knows."

"Everybody? You are mistaken. I, who come from Germany, what do I know of your Francescas?"

The waiter (he was a young fellow of a scornful countenance, a real Brescian) looked at me with an air of contemptuous pity.

"What do you know? Who talks about *Francescas?* There is only one single *Francesca da Rimini;* that is, the tragedy of Signor Silvio Pellico. They have turned

it into an opera here, by spoiling it a little, but it is still the same."

"Ah! Silvio Pellico? It seems to me I have heard that name before. Is it not that rascally malcontent that was condemned to death, and then to *carcere duro*, eight or nine years ago?"

Would that I had not uttered this jest! He looked around him, then fixed his eyes upon me, and if he had not heard some noise, I believe he would have knocked me down.

He went away muttering "rascally malcontent!" But before I started, he discovered who I was. He could then neither ask a question, nor reply, nor walk. He could do nothing but stare at me, rub his hands, and say to everybody, unseasonably, "Yes, sir! Yes, sir!" as if he were beside himself.

Two days after, on the ninth of September, I arrived at Milan with the commissary. In approaching the city, at the sight of the cupola of the dome, in passing again along the avenue of Loretto, once my usual and favorite promenade; when I entered the gate Oriental, and found myself upon the Corso, and ran my eyes along the houses, the temples, the streets, I experienced, at once, the sweetest and the most painful emotions; a violent desire to stop a while at Milan, and embrace the friends that I might still find there; inexpressible regret at the thought of those I had left at Spielberg, of those who were wandering in foreign lands, and of those that were no more; a lively gratitude at the recollection of the affection which the Milanese in general had manifested towards me; a slight feeling of indignation against some few who had calumniated me, while they had ever been the objects of my kindness and esteem.

We took lodgings at the *Bella Venezia*. It was here that I had so many times partaken of the joyous, social banquet; here that I had visited so many foreigners of distinction; here had an aged lady of great respectability urged me, but in vain, to follow her into Tuscany, foreseeing the misfortunes that would befall me if I remained at Milan. O touching memories! O days gone by, mixed with so many pleasures and pains, and so rapidly flown!

The waiters of the hotel discovered, at once, who I was. The news spread, and towards evening I saw many persons stop at the place and look up at the windows. One of them (I know not who it was) appeared to recognize me, and saluted me by raising both his arms.

Alas! where were the sons of Porro, my sons? Why did I not see them?

CHAPTER XCVI.

The commissary conducted me to the police, to present me to the director. What were my sensations in revisiting that house, my first prison! How much suffering recurred to my mind! With what tenderness, Melchiore Gioja, did I remember thee, and the hurried steps which I saw thee make up and down within those narrow walls, and the hours thou didst spend immovable at thy table, writing thy noble thoughts, the signs thou madest me with thy handkerchief, and the sadness of thy look to me when those signs were forbidden! And I thought of thy tomb, unknown perhaps to the greater number of those who loved thee, as it was unknown to me!—and I prayed for the peace of thy soul!

I remembered, too, the little mute, the touching voice of Magdalen, my palpitation of compassion for her, the thieves my neighbors, the pretended Louis XVII., the poor convict taken with the billet in his hand, and whom I thought I heard shriek under the rod. These and other reminiscences oppressed me like a painful dream, but more than all the recollection of the two visits of my poor father, ten years before. How the good old man deceived himself in hoping that I would soon be able to join him at Turin! Could he have supported the idea of ten years' imprisonment for his son, and of such imprisonment! But when his illusions vanished, had he, had my mother, the strength to sustain a

grief so harrowing? Was it yet given me to behold them both once more? or perhaps one, and which?

Oh, most tormenting and ever springing doubt! I was, so to speak, at the door of my house, and did not yet know whether my parents were still alive; whether even one of my family remained.

The director of police received me with politeness, and permitted me to remain with the imperial commissary at the *Bella Venezia*, instead of guarding me elsewhere. He did not allow me, however, to show myself to any one, and that determined me to depart the next morning. I only obtained permission to see the Piedmontese consul, for the purpose of gaining some news of my family. I would have gone to his house, but being taken with fever and obliged to go to bed, I sent to beg him to come and see me. He had the politeness not to make me wait; and how grateful I was to him!

He gave me good news of my father and my eldest brother. Concerning my mother, my other brother, and my two sisters, I remained in cruel uncertainty. Assured in part, but not sufficiently, I would have liked to prolong my conversation with the consul for the purpose of relieving my mind. He was not lacking in politeness, but was at length obliged to leave me.

When left alone, I would have wept but could not. Why is it that sometimes sorrow made me burst into tears, while at other times, and even most generally, when it seems to me that tears would be a sweet relief, I invoke them in vain? This impossibility of giving vent to my affliction heightened my fever; my head ached violently.

I requested Stundberger to give me some drink. This excellent man was a sergeant of the police of Vienna, performing the duties of a servant for the commissary. He was not old, but he happened to give me the cup with a trembling hand. This tremor reminded me of Schiller, my beloved Schiller, when, the day of my arrival at Spielberg, I demanded the pitcher of water with an imperious air, and he presented it.

Strange! this remembrance, joined to the others, broke the rock of my heart, and the tears started.

CHAPTER XCVII.

On the morning of the tenth of September, I embraced my excellent commissary and departed. We had known each other only one month, and yet he already appeared to me a friend of many years' standing. His mind, possessing in a high degree a sense of the beautiful and the honorable, was without trick and artifice; not that he wanted talents for intrigue, but because he had a love of that noble ingenuousness to be found in upright men.

Some person, at a place where we stopped during our journey, said to me privately: "Be on your guard against that *guardian angel;* if he were not an angel of darkness he would not have been assigned to you."

"Indeed you are mistaken," I replied, "I have the fullest conviction that you are mistaken."

"The most cunning," answered he, "are those who appear the most candid."

"If it were so, we could no longer trust in the virtue of any one."

"There are certain positions in society, where you will meet the most finished education in respect of manners, but not of virtue! not of virtue! not of virtue!"

I was unable to make any reply, otherwise than: "Exaggeration, my dear sir, exaggeration!"

"I am firm in my opinion," he insisted.

But we were interrupted, and I remembered the *cave a consequentiis* of Leibnitz.

The greater part of men reason with this false and terrible logic: "I follow the standard A., which I am certain is that of justice; my neighbor follows the standard B., which I am equally certain is that of injustice; therefore he is a bad man."

Ah no, ye mad logicians! to whatever standard you belong, do not reason so inhumanly! consider that in setting out from any

unfavorable point whatever (and where is the society or individual that has none?) and with inflexible rigor proceeding from consequence to consequence, it is easy for any one to arrive at this conclusion: "Besides us four, everybody deserves to be burnt alive." And if a more narrow scrutiny is made, each of the four will say; "Everybody deserves to be burnt alive, except myself."

This illiberality, so common, is antiphilosophical in the highest degree. A moderate distrust may be wise; excessive distrust can never be.

After the warning which I had received concerning this *guardian angel*, I applied myself to study him more attentively than I had hitherto done, and I became each day more convinced that his nature was noble and inoffensive.

When an order of society is established, whether more or less good, it matters little, all the offices of that society which are not regarded as infamous by the moral sense of the community; all that promise to co-operate nobly for the public good, and in the promises of which a great many persons place confidence; all the offices in which it would be absurd to deny there were many honorable men, may always be filled by honorable men.

I have read of a quaker who had a horror of soldiers. He once saw a soldier throw himself into the Thames and save a wretch that was drowning; and said: "I shall always be a quaker, but soldiers are also good creatures."

CHAPTER XCVIII.

Stundberger accompanied me to the carriage, which I mounted with a brigadier of the guard, to whom I had been committed. It rained, and the wind was cold.

"Wrap yourself well in your cloak," said Stundberger to me, "cover your head better, try not to reach home sick; it will require so little to make you take cold! How sorry I am that I cannot lend you my services as far as Turin!"

He said all this with the utmost earnestness, and with a voice of deep emotion.

"Hereafter," he added, "you will perhaps have no German near you, and will never more, perhaps, hear that language spoken which the Italians find so harsh, and it will probably cause you little concern. You have had to endure so many sufferings among the Germans, that you will not have a very great desire to remember us. And yet I, whose name you will soon forget, I, signor, shall always pray for you."

"And I for you," said I, squeezing his hand for the last time.

The poor man cried again: "*Guten morgen! gute reise! leben sie wohl!*" (Good morning, a pleasant journey! farewell!) These were the last German words that I heard spoken; and they sounded as sweet to my ear as if they had been my own language.

I love my country passionately, but I do not hate any other nation. Civilisation, wealth, glory, vary in different nations; but in all there are souls obedient to the great vocation of man, to love, to pity, and to do good.

The brigadier who accompanied me, informed me that he had been one of those who arrested my unhappy friend Confalonieri. He related to me how he had tried to fly, how he had failed in his attempt, how he had been torn from the arms of his wife, and how Confalonieri and she, though deeply afflicted, had borne their misfortune with dignity.

I burned with fever while listening to this tale of misery, a hand of iron seemed to wring my heart.

The narrator, a man of open disposition and free and confident in conversation, did not perceive, that though I had nothing against him, I could not help shuddering when I looked at the hands which had been laid upon my friend.

He took breakfast at Buffalora; I was too deeply distressed, and took nothing.

Once before, many years ago, when I was

rusticating at Arluno with the sons of Count Porro, I often came for a walk to Buffalora along the Ticino.

I rejoiced to see completed the beautiful bridge, the materials for which I had seen scattered on the Lombardy bank of the river, with the opinion common at that time, that the undertaking would never be accomplished. My heart bounded with joy at again crossing that river and once more touching the soil of Piedmont. Ah! though I love all nations, God knows how much more I love Italy, and of all the Italian states, God knows how much the sweetest to my ear is the name of Piedmont, the land of my fathers!

CHAPTER XCIX.

Opposite to Buffalora is San Martino. There the Lombard brigadier spoke to the carbiniers of Piedmont, then saluting me, he re-recrossed the bridge.

"We go to Novarra," said I to the coachman.

"Have the goodness to wait a moment," said a carbin,er.

I saw that I was not yet free, and felt greatly annoyed at it, fearing that my arrival at the paternal mansion might be retarded.

After more than a quarter of an hour, a gentleman appeared who asked my permission to ride to Novarra with me. He had already lost one opportunity and now there was no other carriage but mine, and he was very happy that I allowed him to take advantage of it, etc.

This carbinier in disguise had a pleasant humor and was good company for me to Novarra. When we arrived in that city, pretending that he wanted to stop at some hotel, he directed the carriage to the barrack of the carbiniers, where I was told that there was a bed for me in the chamber of a brigadier, and that I was to wait for superior orders.

I thought I should be able to go on the next day; I went to bed, and after chatting a while with my host the brigadier, I fell into a profound sleep. For a long time I had not slept so well.

Towards morning I awoke and rose at once, and the first hours appeared very long to me. I breakfasted, conversed and walked about in the room and upon the terrace, cast a glance at the books of my host; and at length a visiter was announced.

A genteel looking officer came to give me news of my father, and to inform me that there was a letter at Novarra from him, which would be brought to me in a short time. I was extremely obliged to him for his amiable courtesy.

Several hours passed which seemed to me an age, when at last the letter appeared.

Oh, what joy to see again those precious characters! what joy to learn that my mother, my most excellent mother, was still living! that my two brothers and my eldest sister were also alive! The youngest, alas! who was made a nun of the visitation, and of whom I had secretly received intelligence in prison, had been dead nine months.

It is sweet to me to believe that I am indebted for my freedom to all those who love me, and ceased not to intercede with God in my behalf, particularly a sister, who died showing evidences of the most elevated piety. May God reward her for all the anguish which her heart suffered on account of my misfortunes!

Days passed by, and the permission to leave Novarra came not. On the morning of the 16th of September, the permission was at length given to me, and I was freed from all custody of the carbiniers. Oh! how many years it had been, since I had been able to go where I pleased without the attendance of guards!

I received some money, had a polite visit from a person who was acquainted with my father, and set off about three in the afternoon. My travelling companions were a lady, a merchant, a sculptor, and two young painters, one of whom was deaf and dumb. These painters came from Rome, and I had the pleasure of learning that they knew the family of Maroncelli. It is delightful to

speak of those we love, with persons to whom they are not indifferent.

We passed the night at Vercelli. The happy day of the 17th of September dawned. We continued our journey. Oh, how slow coaches are! We did not reach Turin until evening.

Who ever, ever can describe the consolations of my heart and the hearts so dear to me, when I again saw and embraced my father and mother and brothers? My dear sister Josephine was not there, her duties detaining her at Chieri; but on learning my return, she hastened to come and spend some days at home. Restored to those five dearest objects of my affection, I was, I am, the most enviable of mortals.

Blessed be Providence for the misfortunes of the past and the felicity of the present, as well as for all the good and evil yet in reserve for me!

Men and things, whether they wish it or not, are the admirable instruments which it knows how to employ in the accomplishment of worthy ends.

THE END.

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